



THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 21 Oct. 1959

MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

BONNETS & BONNETS





a selection from the never date

"PERMANENT COLLECTION" of

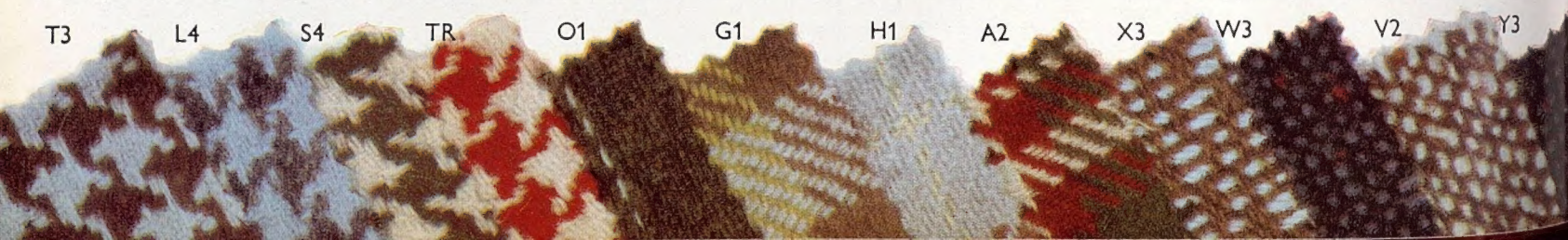
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"HOUNDSTOOTH"

"racinDONEMARA"

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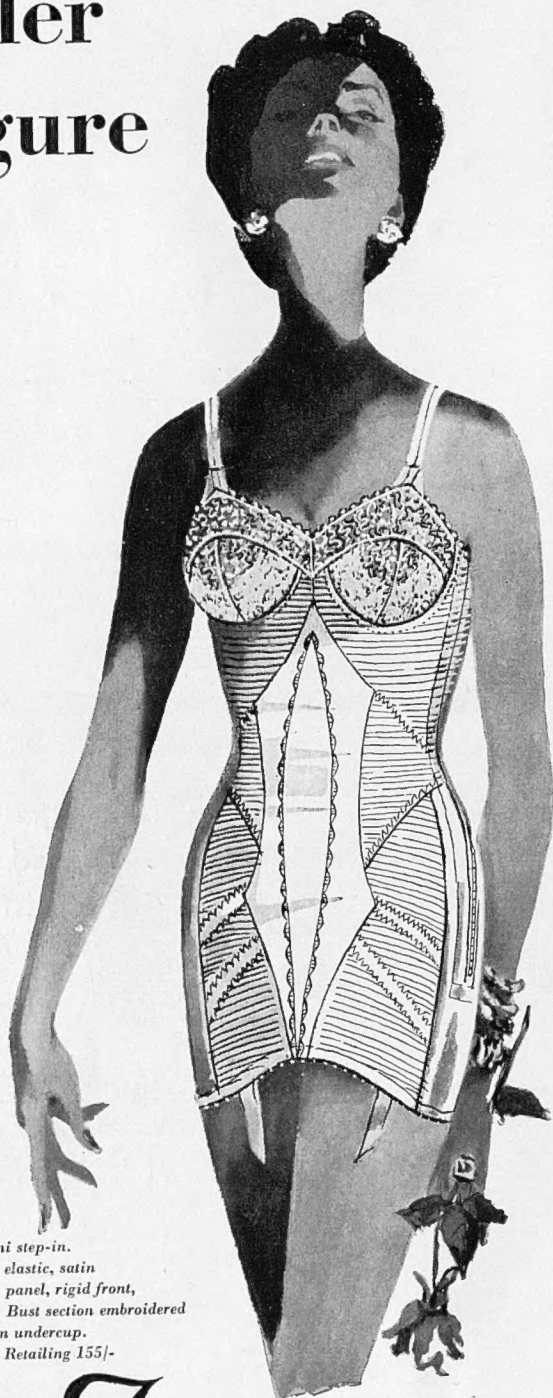
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PRINCESS 29/11

KANGOL

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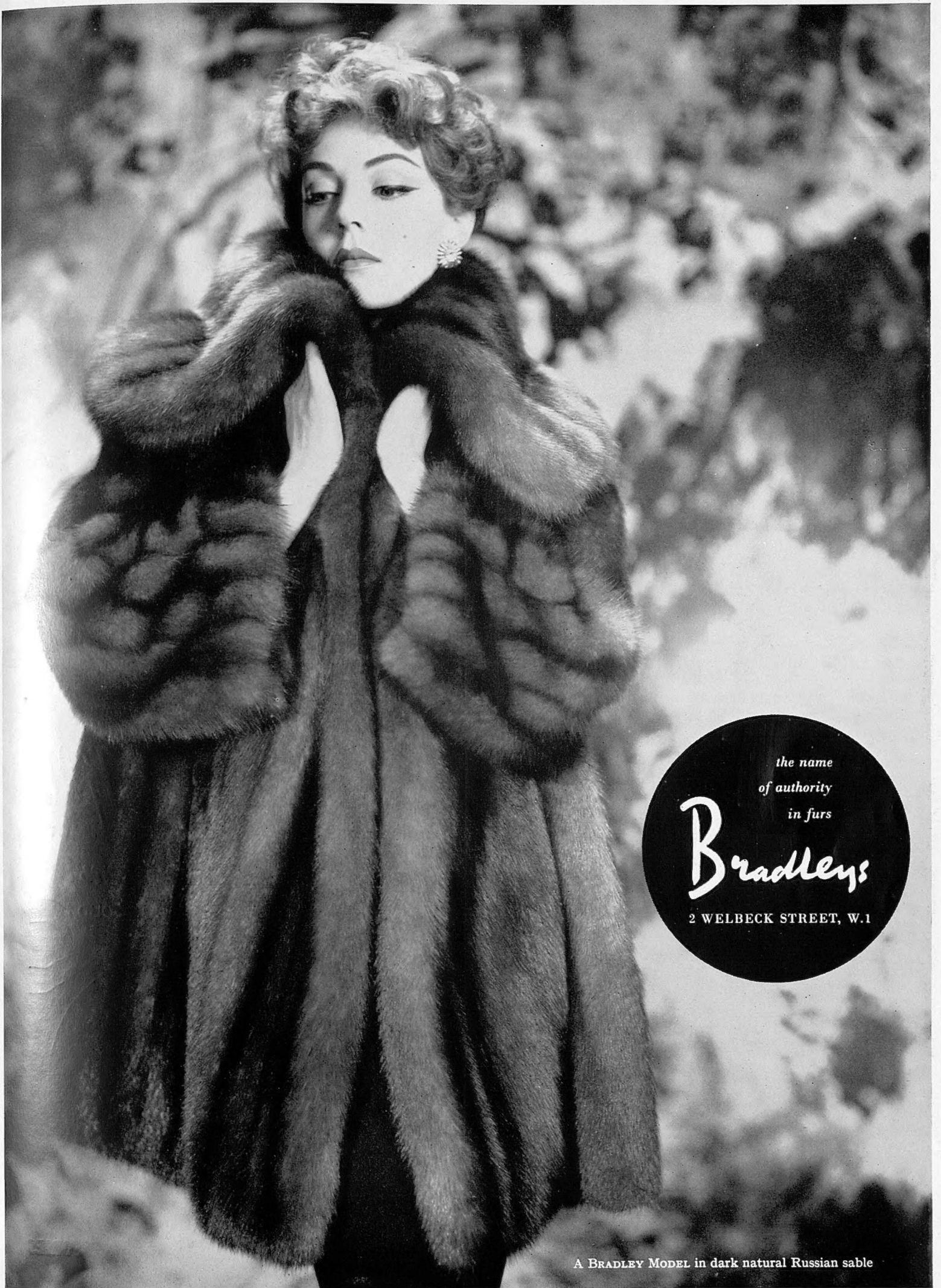
39 Fitzroy Square W1

Bally Jeunesse

SAMARRA in winter beige
and black calf, medium heel.
AA, B and C fittings.
89/9

Russell & Bromley

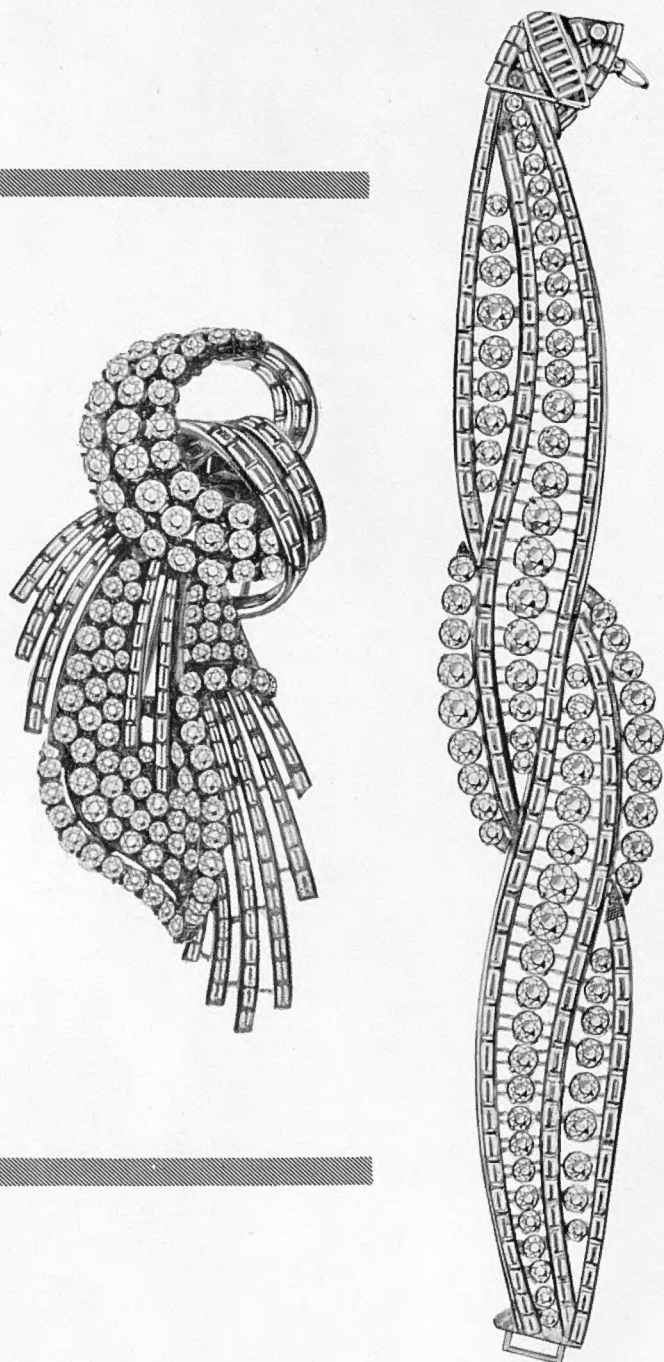
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The overwhelming majority of motorists today show greater concern for enhanced driver and passenger amenities than for higher performance which, so far as Jaguar is concerned, is already acclaimed by public and press alike as being not merely adequate but exceptional.

High on the list is the demand for maximum all-round vision, and in the Mark 2 Jaguars this demand has been met by the introduction of slim pillars, semi-wrap-around windscreen, greatly enlarged rear window and an all-round increase of window area, resulting in 18% increase in visibility.

The demand for full-view legible instruments and easily reached instrument panel controls is equally insistent, and on the Mark 2 Models will be found the most practical and efficient instrument panel layout to be found on any car today, with matched and grouped dials and switches as is customary in aircraft practice. No refinement that could contribute in even the slightest degree to safety and comfort has been omitted from these new Models. Interior heating is now carried to the rear compartment; windscreen washers now electrically controlled give instant response; a warning light indicates any drop below the safety

level of brake fluid; arm rests have been re-designed and repositioned; courtesy lights are now actuated by the opening of any of the four doors; ashtrays abound and are conveniently sited; the cigar lighter orifice is illuminated to make its replacement easy after use; the glove locker, too, has its own interior illumination. There is a finger-tip controlled headlamp flasher independent of the foot-operated dip switch. Door locks are shielded to obviate freezing up in the winter. These and a score of other refinements ensure that the Mark 2 Jaguars represent the most advanced and lavishly equipped high performance luxury cars ever to be presented by a Company whose standards are acknowledged to be amongst the highest in the world.

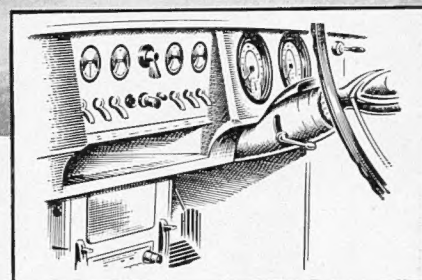
MARK 2 MODEL PRICES

	Basic Price	P.T.	Total
2.4 models from	£1,082.0.0	£451.19. 2	£1,533.19. 2
3.4 models from	£1,177.0.0	£491.10.10	£1,668.10.10
3.8 models from	£1,255.0.0	£524. 0.10	£1,779. 0.10

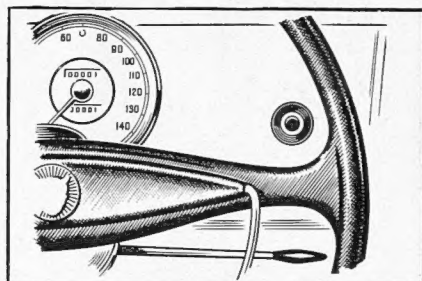
(with Powr-Lok differential)

STANDARD MODEL PRICES

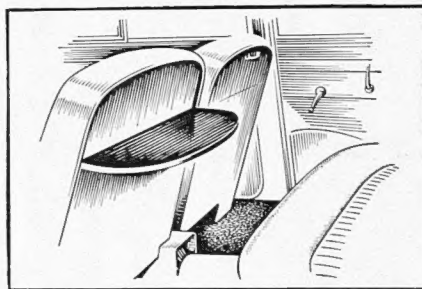
2.4 models from	£1,019.0.0	£425.14. 2	£1,444.14. 2
3.4 models from	£1,114.0.0	£465. 5.10	£1,579. 5.10



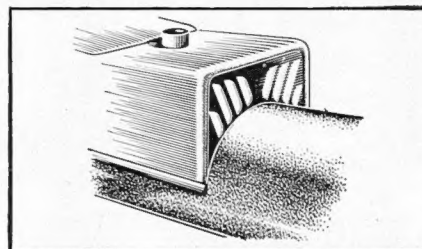
NEW. Functional efficiency is the keynote of the instrument panel. Every dial in plain view, all switches marked, standardised and grouped within instant reach.



NEW. Before the driver's eyes is the "safety eye" which warns of any drop below the safety level of brake fluid. Note, too, the "straight ahead" siting of the speedometer.



NEW. Passengers will appreciate the convenient folding tables which remove the hazards from taking refreshment within the car.



NEW. Rear compartment heating has received close study and an even spread of warm air is now ducted at floor level to passenger compartment.



The New Mark 2 Jaguars have Dunlop race-proved Disc Brakes on all 4 wheels

THE EXISTING MARK IX, XK 150, 2.4 AND 3.4 LITRE MODELS CONTINUE WITHOUT CHANGE

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FACEL VEGA IS HERE

the world's fastest touring car

HERE is the pride of France and the most exclusive car in Britain. Here is the car that drives like a breeze, all the way from fifteen to one hundred and fifty m.p.h. in top gear. Here is Facel Vega. Long. Low. Beautiful. Powerful.

Faultless styling, classic elegance, and every form of luxury fitting—even the

windows purr open at an elbow touch in fabulous Facel Vega.

Chrysler's 360 b.h.p. engine can *sigh* Facel Vega from a standing start to one hundred miles an hour in under twenty seconds. Sheer, unbeatable power as sedately controlled as a Sunday school (the disc brakes on Facel Vega must be

the largest ever made for a touring car).

The man who imports Facel Vega to Britain is George Abecassis of Walton on Thames. He is showing it at Stand 127 at the Motor Show. See him there if you want to talk Facel Vega—or telephone his office at H.W. Motors Limited, Walton on Thames (Walton 20404-5-6) to arrange for a demonstration of the car—an experience you won't forget.

Of course, for a car that costs around £4,500, you will expect something out of the usual in the selling demonstration, and in after-sales service arrangements. You won't be disappointed in Facel Vega—or, for that matter, in George Abecassis.

21 October 1959

The **Motor Show Number** raises the question: "What do women know about cars?" The least that is expected of them is to be able to recognize the makes—hence the COVER FEATURE, *Bonnets & Bonnets* (page 139). Strictly, a hat may not be a bonnet, and a bonnet isn't exactly the same thing as a radiator, or grille, or air scoop, or whatever you want to call the front of a car. But these are finer points that can't be allowed to spoil a headline.... Gordon Wilkins also reports on 1960's motoring trends (page 147), and an interior decorator's

eye is focused on facias (page 148) in *A Dash With Dash*.... Counter Spy hunts car gadgets for the woman motorist on page 159.

Other features this week include: Tom Hustler's *Jet Scrapbook* (page 150), a pictorial account of his round-the-world flight.... *The Marshal Of The Vine* (page 138), showing Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones's record wine harvest in Hampshire... and *Grosvenor Square's last private house* (Page 160).

NEXT WEEK: Seven Nights Out—what to wear and where to eat.... The Brighton I Love.... By Bus to India.

Postage: Inland, 5½d. Canada, 4d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. *Subscription Rates:* Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)



25 October; **Victoria League Gala Concert**, Sir Adrian Boult with the Royal Philharmonic, Eileen Joyce and Joan Sutherland, 8 p.m. 27 October. (WAT 3191).
Sadler's Wells Opera. New production *Cinderella* (Rossini), 7.30 p.m. 29 October. (TER 1672/3).
Durham Cathedral Founders' Service, 28 October.

ART

Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours Exhibition, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 5 November.

Arts, to 24 October.
Stratford-on-Avon Runaway Mop Fair, 23 October.

EXHIBITIONS

Motor Show, Earl's Court, to 31 October.
Directors & Executives' Exhibition, R.H.S., Old Hall, Westminster, to 23 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Vanbrugh Theatre (RADA, Malet St., W.C.1). *The Cherry Orchard*, 2.30 & 7.30 p.m., 27 October. (Also 28 & 29 October). Admission free.
Scala. *Les Huguenots*, 7.15 p.m., 26-27 October. (Revival Opera Company).
St. Mary-le-Strand Church. *The Wooden Spoon*. 7.45 p.m., 27 October (to 14 November, excl. 2 November.)

CHARITY EVENTS

Centenary Of Solferino Ball, the Dorchester, 24 November. Tickets £2 17s. 6d. (including dinner) from Ball Secretary, British Red Cross Society, County of London Branch, 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.
Trafalgar Fair, Park Lane House, W.1, in aid of the British Sailors' Society, 29 October.
Fashion Show, Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Duxford, Cambs. Proceeds for the Battle of Britain Fighter Association, 22 October.
London Fayre, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 12 noon - 8 p.m., 29 October. For the Toc H Women's Association.

HUNT BALLS

Wye College Beagles, 23 October.
Britannia Beagles, West Surrey & Horsell Beagles, 30 October;
School of Infantry Beagles, Colne Valley Beagles, Warwickshire Beagles, 6 November.

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see p. 164.

Pieces of Eight. "... lively dancing and some attractively individual clowning... it is a revue that never bores... deafening applause." Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663.)

The Crooked Mile. "... the most entertaining English musical comedy that has gladdened the ear for a very long time..." Elisabeth Welch, Millicent Martin Jack MacGowran. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

Cock-A-Doodle Dandy. "... genius never deserts Mr. Sean O'Casey... a boisterously symbolic satire... uproarious fun." J. G. Devlin, Wilfrid Lawson. Royal Court Theatre, SLO 1745.)

The Aspern Papers. "... holds the audience from start to finish... an evening of rare and curious pleasures." Michael Redgrave, Beatrix Lehmann, Flora Robson. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see p. 165

G.R. = General release.

The Night We Dropped A Clanger. "... this light-hearted comedy rattles along at jet speed... very good fun indeed." Brian Rix, Cecil Parker, William Hartnell, Hattie Jacques (G.R.)

Anatomy Of A Murder. "... most definitely a film not to be missed... the courtroom scenes are among the most exciting I ever saw." James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Joseph N. Welch. (Columbia Theatre, REG 5414.)

Blue Jeans. "... a sympathetic film, skilfully directed... beautiful performances." (G.R.)

GOING PLACES

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JOHN MANN

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

OUT OF DOORS

Hunting starts, 31 October. Opening meet of the Garth.
Army Hunter Trials, Tidworth, 24 October.
Golf. Spalding Women's Open Tournament, Worthing, 28-30 October.
Veteran car run, London-Brighton, 1 November.
Isle of Thanet Ploughing Match, & Show. Margate, 22 October.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Lac Des Cygnes*, with Fonteyn, 7.30 p.m. 21 & 28 October; with Nerina, 24 October; with Beriova, 30 October. (cov 1066).
Covent Garden Opera. *Un Ballo In Maschera* (in Italian), 7.30 p.m., 28, 31 October, 2 November. (cov 1066).
Royal Festival Hall. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra** in the first of three concerts, 7.30,

An Environment of Paintings, by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney and Richard Smith. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. To 24 October.

French Impressionist Paintings, the Courtauld Institute Galleries, Woburn Square, W.C.1. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (7 p.m. Thursdays), Sunday, 2-5 p.m.

Old Sporting Prints, Ackermann, 3 Old Bond St., 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m., Sats. 10.30 a.m.-1 p.m. To 31 October. (Catalogues in aid of Olympic Equestrian Fund.)

Bow Porcelain Exhibition, British Museum, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m. To April.

De Segonzac Exhibition, Royal Academy. To 29 November.

Leicester International Arts Month, to 24 November.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

London Film Festival, National Film Theatre, South Bank, to 1 November.
Swansea Festival of Music & the

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BRINGS DEWY-SMOOTH BEAUTY



World beauty authority Helena Rubinstein has perfected a special range of preparations . . . formulated expressly to combat the dangers of a dry skin, to eliminate all signs of tautness and flaking, and actively prevent ageing lines and wrinkles. Here is Helena Rubinstein's simple routine for you to follow.

START by cleansing your skin with Helena Rubinstein nourishing PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL. This is a rich blend of emollients, specially formulated for dry skin. As you work it over your face and neck, it sinks deep into the pores, seeking out every speck of dirt and make-up . . . melting away all signs of flakiness and dryness . . . leaving your skin spotlessly clean, soft and supple. PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL, 8/3.



The next step is to nourish your skin with Helena Rubinstein youthifying PERFECTION CREAM, rich in soothing oils and herbal extracts that are especially beneficial to tired, dry skins. Pat it on after you have cleansed your face and neck — and leave it on to work for you overnight. As your facial muscles relax in sleep, it sinks deep into your skin . . . feeding back precious oils to thirsty tissues and

parched skin areas — ensuring that you wake to find your skin revitalised, soft and supple. PERFECTION CREAM, 9/3



Finally, smooth on Silk-Tone Foundation Special . . . extra-creamy liquid silk that moisturises and covers beautifully, 9/6. Then powder with new Silk Face Powder for Dry Skin, real silk, formulated with new ingredients to retain moisture, cling longer. It ensures a flawless complexion, ever dewy, never dry. In pale pink box, 10/6. REFILLS, 7/9.

New, too! Carry moisturising Silk Minute Make-up for Dry Skin in your handbag, to touch up during the day. Square pink compact, 10/-. REFILL PACKS, 6/3.

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Helena Rubinstein

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continued from page 119

The Face. "... Ingmar Bergman's latest . . . conflict between rationalism and the supernatural . . . a spellbinding and haunting film." Mas von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Naime Wifstrand. (Academy, GER 2981.)

Ask Any Girl. "... smooth comedy directed with a pleasing lightness of touch." Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, Gig Young. (G.R.)

I'm All Right, Jack. "... swingeing satire . . . blithe enthusiasm . . . a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (G.R.)

Last Train From Gun Hill. "... a well-made Western in which Mr. Kirk Douglas plays a stern-jawed marshal . . . bent upon bringing to justice the murderer of his Indian wife." Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Carolyn Jones. (G.R.)

Left, Right & Centre. "Scant respect for the business of by-electioneering. . . . Highly commendable and hilarious." Ian Carmichael, Alistair Sim, Patricia Bredin. (G.R.)

Gigi. "... Two hours of ravishing entertainment . . . it must in no circumstances be missed." Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier. (Ritz, Leicester Square. GER 1234.)

Blind Date. "... Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector . . . is given a murder case to solve. . . . His performance is in every way excellent." Stanley Baker, Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle. (G.R.)

My Uncle. "That absurd but lovable M. Jacques Tati reappears as M. Hulot. It is a leisurely film . . . and quite delicious." (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)

Tempest. "... distinctly on the stupendous side . . . magnificently produced and directed. On the score of action this film can scarcely be faulted." Van Heflin, Viveca Landfors, Oscar Homolka. (G.R.)

Green Mansions. "... a film based on W. H. Hudson's book. . . . I cannot deny that Miss Audrey Hepburn looks quite enchanting . . . the scenery . . . is extremely beautiful." (G.R.)

GUIDE TO DINING OUT

Au Pere De Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. (KNI 1833.) (Evnngs.) International cuisine with Italian specialities.

Bentley's, Swallow Street, W.1. (REG 0431.) For oysters and seafoods.

Boulogne, 27 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 3186.) Good Continental cuisine.

Beoty's, 14 Wrights Lane, Kensington, W.8. (WES 8525.) Greek & Cypriot dishes are the speciality.

Caprice, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (HYD 5154.) Excellent food & wine at reasonable prices.

Chez Luba, 116 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. (KEN 6523.) For Russian & Polish specialities.

Cordon Bleu, 31 Marylebone Lane, W.1. (WEL 2931.) Authentic French cuisine & reasonably priced wines.

The Darjeeling Restaurant, 13 Sale Place, off Praed Street, W.2. (PAD 6763.) Authentic Pakistani cooking at low prices.

Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. (MUS 7189.) Fine French cuisine.

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High St., W.8. (WES 1293.) Chinese food specialists.

La Fantasque, 20 Connaught St., W.2. (PAD 0359.) Viennese dishes are the specialities.



Leoni's (Quo Vadis), 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585.) (Evnngs.) First-class Italian dishes and wines.

La Réserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) For classic French dishes.

Majorca, 66 Brewer Street, W.1. (GER 6803.) For Spanish food & wine.

Marynka, 234 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 6753.) Small, low-priced restaurant serving Polish & Hungarian dishes.

Normandie, 163 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. (KEN 1400/5317.) English, French & Italian food.

"Talk of the Town," Hippodrome Corner, W.1. (REG 5051.) Dancing, dinner & a stage show.

Verrey's, 233 Regent Street, W.1. (REG 4495.) Continental cuisine.

The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 2826.) Greek & Mediterranean specialities.

Wilton's, 34 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (WHI 8391.) Specialists in oysters, smoked salmon & grills.



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Approximate price 47 gns.

Colours: White, beige, champagne, taupe, pink, coral, royal, light navy, black, turquoise, emerald.

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cocktail hour..

and a striking dress of black chiffon. Styled as a fitting dress with the waist accentuated by velvet bands, the cowl neckline is draped softly to the back where it falls in loose panels. A single rose in citrine yellow and black is added for dramatic detail.

Size 40. 19 gns.

Strands of ranch mink for a lovely little hat with a diamante highlight. Inexpensively priced at £3.13.6.

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Macdonnell McClure—Webb: Alexandra, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Macdonnell McClure, of Wimbrough Green, married Michael, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. Webb, of Hartlip, at St. Mary's, Petworth



Hart Dyke—Holland: Jane, daughter of Comdr. the Rev. E. & Mrs. Hart Dyke, of Cowden Rectory, Kent, married David, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Holland, of Henley-on-Thames, at Cowden Church

WEDDINGS

Engagements are on page 179



Chichester—Maxse: Penelope, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Chichester, of Hall, Barnstaple, North Devon, married Capt. Martin Maxse, Coldstream Guards, son of Maj. & Mrs. John Maxse, Catercross, Pittleworth, Sussex, at the church of St. John the Baptist, Bishop's Tawton



Griffith—Thrower: Gillian, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Griffith, of Buckland Common, Bucks, married Harold, son of Dr. W. R. and the late Mrs. Thrower, of Blaxhold Farm, Enmore, Somerset, at St. Mary's, Chesham



Harmsworth—Miller-Thomas: Gillian, daughter of the late Capt. Peter Harmsworth, & of Mrs. Harmsworth, of Ickham, Kent, married Brian, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Miller-Thomas, of Ley, Peebles, at St. John's, Ickham, Kent

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21 OCTOBER 1959

Champagne and results through the night at Viscount Camrose's party, for which most of the public rooms were taken over. Half London seemed to be there



Desmond O'Neill

ELECTION NIGHT

At Lord Camrose's big party, held
at the Savoy, a vast scoreboard kept guests

informed of the results. At Mrs. John Burness's
private dance for her daughter Vivienne,

14 television sets were dotted about
their Hampstead home. . . . More about these

and other parties overleaf



A. V. Swaabe

A gathering around one of the TVs at the Burness party. There was a set in each corner of the ballroom, so it was watch-as-you-dance

ELECTION NIGHT *continued*

THE CAMROSE PARTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Right: Countess Bathurst and Capt. David Bagnell

Winning Tories: Mr. R. Gresham Cooke (Twickenham), his wife, and Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith (Holborn)



Viscount Hailsham with the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney, and Sir Gladwyn Jebb

The victor of North Lewisham, Mr. Christopher Chataway, and his wife, who is a TV producer



It was cheers for Sir Winston

—but programmes in the air for
the defeat of Mr. Mikardo, reports

MURIEL BOWEN

THE PARTY OF THE EVENING WAS undoubtedly Lord Camrose's. It was held in a suite at the Savoy overlooking the floodlit Thames. There were Tories, Socialists and Liberals relaxing after the campaign, dancing and eating supper as guests of the bachelor Lord Camrose (chairman of the *Daily Telegraph*) and his fellow directors. It was an organizational triumph for the hostess, handsome, dark-haired Lady Pamela Berry, Lord Camrose's sister-in-law. She has blossomed into London's leading political hostess in the last couple of years.

Viscount & Viscountess Hailsham came with Lord & Lady Poole, but they didn't stay long. "I hated leaving," Lady Poole told me afterwards, "but the men were like schoolboys—they couldn't wait to get back to Central Office in case they were wanted." The Hailshams had parked their children for the evening—two at school, one with relatives and one in hospital. "No tucking in for me tonight," said the Tory chairman, as if this were the master stroke of his election planning.

Down at Central Office the excitement was intense. Large pieces of TV equipment on wheels sped about the corridors, and a constellation of TV lights shone from the trees outside. "Where's Susan? Where's everybody?" asked Lady Dorothy Macmillan, dazzled by the lights. Susan is Miss

Susan Walker, deputy organization officer of the party. Upstairs the Prime Minister's second brother, Mr. Arthur Macmillan, the publisher, had found a temporarily unoccupied room (Lord Hailsham's) away from the din, and was watching the television with his feet up. "He's been driving people to the poll all today in South Battersea," said his wife.

Back at Lady Pamela's party the results, coming three a minute now, were announced by flashing lights on the stage. There were cheers that Sir Winston Churchill was in, programmes flying in the air because Mr. Ian Mikardo was out. Rows of chairs were drawn up in front of the stage. Watching: The Earl of Derby, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Laycock, Lady Edith Foxwell, the veteran Socialist peer Viscount Stansgate with Viscountess Stansgate, Viscount Chandos, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Compton, Dr. Brian Lake, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender (she had been driving voters to the poll at Clapham, where the Tories won the seat from Labour), and Margaret Countess of Birkenhead, widow of the great "F.E." and mother of Lady Pamela Berry.

Mrs. Herbert Agar (mother of Mr. Billy Wallace) was in the front row with Viscount Margesson, a former Chief Whip, and Viscount Cilcennin, a former Tory vice-chairman. They sat, glasses well down on their noses, eyes only for their programmes

and the scoreboard, looking just as people do at Newmarket when they lean on the rails in the paddock. It was possible to figure out two classes of people: Partygoers and Politicos. The partygoers included Hollywood maestro **Alfred Hitchcock**, standing on his own and looking rather puzzled by it all. He should have met some of the politicians such as the **Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry**, who had canvassed 2,000 families during the campaign and driven voters to the poll for 12½ hours. "The great thing about canvassing is not to be startled," she said. At one house the woman who opened the door said in rich Cockney: "My husband he was Tory, but he's gone. Come in and I'll show you." The husband was laid out in the living-room.

In the early hours of the morning the politicians started to arrive from their constituencies. Among them came **Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter**, Minister of Pensions, & **Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter**, **Mr. F. Elwyn-Jones** (the man most often tipped to be Speaker if Labour had won), and **Mr. Michael Underhill**, the most cheerful of the losers. "I did so much better than I expected," he said, having reduced the Labour majority at Southall by more than 4,000. At 3.30 a.m. **Mr. "Ted" Heath**, the Chief Whip, arrived complete with stonebreaker handshakes. Not bad considering all the hands he had shaken in the campaign. Waiters in pink dinner jackets were scurrying through the Lancaster Room with breakfasts for "a couple of startled Tory candidates downstairs—they say they haven't had a square meal in weeks." So one respect not everybody has had it so

easy. In the Savoy restaurant there were 100 guests and dozens of family parties. They ate their way through Sole Good Hope, Pudding stuffed with Marginal Votes, Steak of the Favourite, and La Coupe Peche-Annas Downing Street No. 10. **Sir Charles & Lady Harewood** were there (his son-in-law was elected for Hereford), and so were **Mr. Mark Watney**, **Sir Derek Greenaway**, M.P., and **Sir Leslie & the Hon. Lady Gamage**, who had her sister the **Hon. Mrs. Rose** and **Col. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell** with them. **Mrs. Maxwell** is a daughter of the famous **Sir Austen Chamberlain**. "Doris Maxwell and I grew up in the Tory entourage," said Lady Gamage.

PARTIES BUST OUT ALL OVER

At the Dorchester, **Lord Mancroft** (former Minister without Portfolio, but now in business) & **Lady Mancroft** were cheering their heads off as results were flashed on a large screen in the ballroom. "The results are what we wanted, so I don't see any reason for restraint," he said. But one of their guests **Mr. Jean Charles Heidsieck**, of the Champagne family, looked startled. "He's never been here for an Election," explained Lord Mancroft, "and he didn't think it was possible for the English to kick up such a fuss."

continued overleaf



Mrs. John Burness with her daughter Vivienne



PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

Above: **Mr. Julian Bevan** and **Miss Grania Villiers-Stuart**

Above, left: **Mr. Peter Radford** with **Miss Fencla Daubency**



Mr. Alan Mackintosh (behind), **Mr. Nigel Dempster** and **Miss Georganne Mount** watch results

THE
VIVIENNE BURNESS
PARTY

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Parties ranged from the subdued to the fantabulous. **Comdr. H. Lambton** was entertaining at the Berkeley, others with parties there included the **Countess of Macclesfield, Col. & Mrs. Hugo Brassey**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Cunliffe-Fraser** who had the **Earl & Countess of Harewood** in their party. At Claridge's, **Sir Frank & Lady Sanderson** were entertaining **Capt. & Mrs. A. Granville Soames** (parents of War Minister **Mr. Christopher Soames**), and **Prince Peter of Greece** was at a nearby table. Noisy toy trumpets were brandished at Grosvenor House, and at Quaglinos the TV sets were deployed with a "monitor" to subdue the election voices until the actual results were made known. It was a night when parties were "bustin' out all over."

Up in Hampstead **Mrs. John Burness** had a dance for the coming-out of her daughter **Vivienne**, and fearing that the young people would not turn up otherwise she installed 14 television sets, "one in every room and four in the ballroom."

Clubland, too, was festive. Male preserves were opened up and ladies were welcomed at gala dinners. There were 400 at the Reform, but not much excitement at this one-time bastion of the Liberal Party over the increased Liberal vote. "The Reform nowadays is independent," I was told. "There is no more feeling for one side than for the other." At the Tory sanctum, the Carlton, there were 350 for 10 p.m. supper and to watch election results. "A very gay night—naturally," was the verdict there.

YODELLING IN PARK LANE

With a parade of ball gowns from Switzerland and 900 guests representative of a score of nations, this year's Anglo-Swiss Ball at the Dorchester was a glamorous affair. Jewellery twinkled in the chandelier light of the ballroom, but no decorations were worn.

"The Swiss don't like decorations, so it's in deference to them that we're all looking as if we had lost the Battle of Waterloo," explained **Sir Clifford Norton**, President of the Anglo-Swiss Society. **Sir Clifford**, former Minister to Switzerland, brought several members of his wartime staff of the Legation in Berne to the ball. They included, **Air-Comdr. Ferdinand West** v.c. & **Mrs. West**, and the former Military Attaché, **Major Pat Reid**, of *Colditz* story fame, & **Mrs. Reid**.

¶ The ball was a benefit for the British Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust, a trust named after the village in Switzerland for orphan children of different nationalities. This experiment in international living is now being repeated near Battle, Sussex. A similar village is being built there with the help of contributions from children throughout Britain. During the evening the

Swiss Ambassador, Mons. Armin Daeniker, presented **Sir John Wolfenden**, the president of the Trust, with a cheque for £8,400 for a Swiss house to be built in the village.

Thanking the Ambassador, **Sir John** (whose name will always be linked with that much debated Report) said that he could assure the Swiss that "the English are fond of children—some children. In fact they are nearly as fond of children as they are of animals. . . ."

While yodellers went into action in the ballroom there were lucky number draws and tombola elsewhere. **Sir Wavell Wakefield** (who skis) won a return trip to Switzerland. **Sir Weldon & Lady Dalrymple-Champneys** tried and failed, but their guests **Princess Melikoff** and **Princess Mathilde Windisch-Graetz** were both luckier. **Princess Mathilde**, who was a wartime ferry pilot, was clutching a bottle of wine.

Some of the guests, including a sparkling **Dame Margot Fonteyn**, just back from Greece ("I only went there for the day"), stayed on the dance floor.

LADY SARAH'S TRIUMPH

Another international occasion was the Horse of the Year Show, held this year at the Empire Pool, Wembley. Here it was the young who shone, and none more than 18-year-old **Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard**, third daughter of the **Duke & Duchess of Norfolk**. Lady Sarah on her South African chestnut "Oorskiet" won the Harringay Spurs as leading international jumper of the Show, beating **Capt. Piero D'Inzeo** of Italy, the European champion, into second place.

One evening there was a parade of ponies and riders who will represent us against America at the International Horse Show in New York next month. The **Bullen** sisters, **Jenny** and **Jane**, **Susan Driver**, **Gillian Blakeway**, **Angela Martin-Bird**, **Angela Dilkes**, **Gay Coates**, and **Jackie Standfield** will be our representatives in this first-ever competition between ponies and riders from Britain and the United States. They will fly out with their ponies—the £4,500 it costs has been raised by enthusiastic "non-horsey" friends—at the end of the month. "If they do well it will be a great boost for British ponies in the United States," says **Mr. Ronald Driver**, a City businessman who is one of the moving spirits behind the enterprise.

Other children who were cheered included the High Peak (Derbyshire) members of the Pony Club. Sitting their ponies like veterans they won the Prince Philip Cup, a programme of mounted games brilliantly arranged by **Lt.-Col. C. M. Adderley**. To win the Cup the High Peak riders—**Diana O'Moore Brown**, **David Evans**, **Susan Diamond**, **Barbara**

continued on page 137



Sir Noël Bowater, seen with Mr. Guy Prince, of Lebègue's, was one of six former Lord Mayors of London at the tastings. Sir Edmund Stockdale, the new Lord Mayor-elect, was also there



The French ambassador, M. Jean Chavcel, & the Marquis de Lur-Saluces of Château Yquem discuss the Marquis's wine



Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian savour a young claret. The three-day tastings were in the Lebègue cellars at London Bridge



ELECTION EVE at the Lebègue wine tasting

Experts—and novices—tasted their wine and spat it out in the approved manner. Actress Dulcie Gray preferred to drink it

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL





THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW at Wembley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN

THE ANGLO-SWISS BALL

PHOTOGRAPHS VAN HALLAN

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Brown and George Peck—got the better of 220 other Pony Club teams in a competition held throughout the country during the summer.

TASTING WITHOUT A TASTE

Few London parties have the originality and personality of **Mr. Guy Prince's** annual Wine Tasting under the arches of London Bridge. And I say so as a teetotaler who has never tasted any of Mr. Prince's wines. The dark, deep cellars were illuminated by hundreds of candles, some mounted on wine barrels, some hanging in chandeliers, and the occasional rumble of passing trains through the walls made me wonder if at any minute the ceiling might come down. The guests, busily tasting, did not however, give the impression that they even noticed.

"Wonderful! Delicious!" said **Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian** after sipping something or other, a Burgundy I think. There was a choice of nearly 200 wines, and the knowing ones talked of "the vintage" and the "young wines." Off at the far end of the tunnel-like cellar there was a bountiful buffet, and bountiful appetites to cope with it. **Sir Michael Adeane** (Private Secretary to the Queen), **Viscount & Viscountess Simon**, and **Sir James Crombie** (he's chairman of Customs & Excise) were tucking in. So was the **Hon. Gerald Lascelles**. And there were lots of women present. "Amazing really," said **Mrs. Guy Prince**. "It's only a couple of years ago that they weren't allowed in and I had all the men to myself."

SILENT SPEAKERS

What she described as "an army of friends" gave a dinner to honour **Baroness Ravensdale of Kedleston** at the Savoy. Star speakers sat at the top table, **Lord Boothby** and **The Hon. Sir Harold Nicolson** among them, but they were not asked to speak. Those who paid tribute to Lady Ravensdale, one of the first four women Life Peeresses, were the officials of musical organizations, girls' clubs and religious organizations. They were the people to whom Lady Ravensdale has been a fairy godmother for years and they spoke simply and movingly.

They also gave her a cheque for her charities—for which they were admonished. "You should not have spent your money on me and my charities," she told them, "You should only have spent it on the good food in your tummies tonight."



Dame Margot Fonteyn was received by Mme. Daeniker and her husband, the Swiss Ambassador



Sir Clifford Norton, British Minister in Berne, 1942-6, dancing with Mme. Pinay, secretary to the Labour Attaché at the French Embassy



Sir John & Lady Wolfenden. Sir John received a cheque from the Swiss Ambassador on behalf of the British Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust



Congratulatory pat for Oorskiet from Mr. Francis Gentle. Oorskiet with his rider, Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, won the Harringay Spurs



Mrs. Anne Ansell with the Duchess of Norfolk. Mrs. Ansell's husband has directed the Show for eleven years



Miss Jane Bullen, younger of the two Bullen riding sisters, is practising for the New York Horse Show. She flies there at the end of the month with the first-ever team of British pony riders to compete



Sir Guy and his wife in the vineyard

More often seen in his uniform (*right*) as Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, a shirt-sleeved Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones (*above*) harvests the wine at his Hampshire home



AN ENGLISH SUMMER HOT ENOUGH to ripen Indian hemp from birdseed scattered on a Cardiff plot has also matured a record grape harvest in the acre of vineyard at the Hambledon, Hants, home of Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, 63-year-old Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. Sir Guy planted his first vines seven years ago—in the field where the first organized game of cricket was played—and now has nearly 3,000. After one or two poor harvests he took samples of Hambledon's chalk soil to experts in the Burgundy district. They advised him to try crossing a French vine with the root of a hardy American variety. The result this year has exceeded all expectation. The wine produced—a light, dry hock-type christened Hambledon and bottled under a label bearing Sir Guy's coat of arms and an early cricketing motif—may some day have a rival in the county. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu harvested his first grape crop this year. Sir Guy's grapes have always been trodden in the traditional way but this year he has imported a rotary crusher and a handpress from Bordeaux. Vintage prospects are good, the harvest came three weeks early and the grapes are of such size and sweetness that no sugar will be needed for the fermentation.



PICKING this year meant a call for volunteers to bring in the record harvest. The grapes are sorted (centre) in the field and taken to the rotary crusher (right) which splits the skins but does not extract all the juice





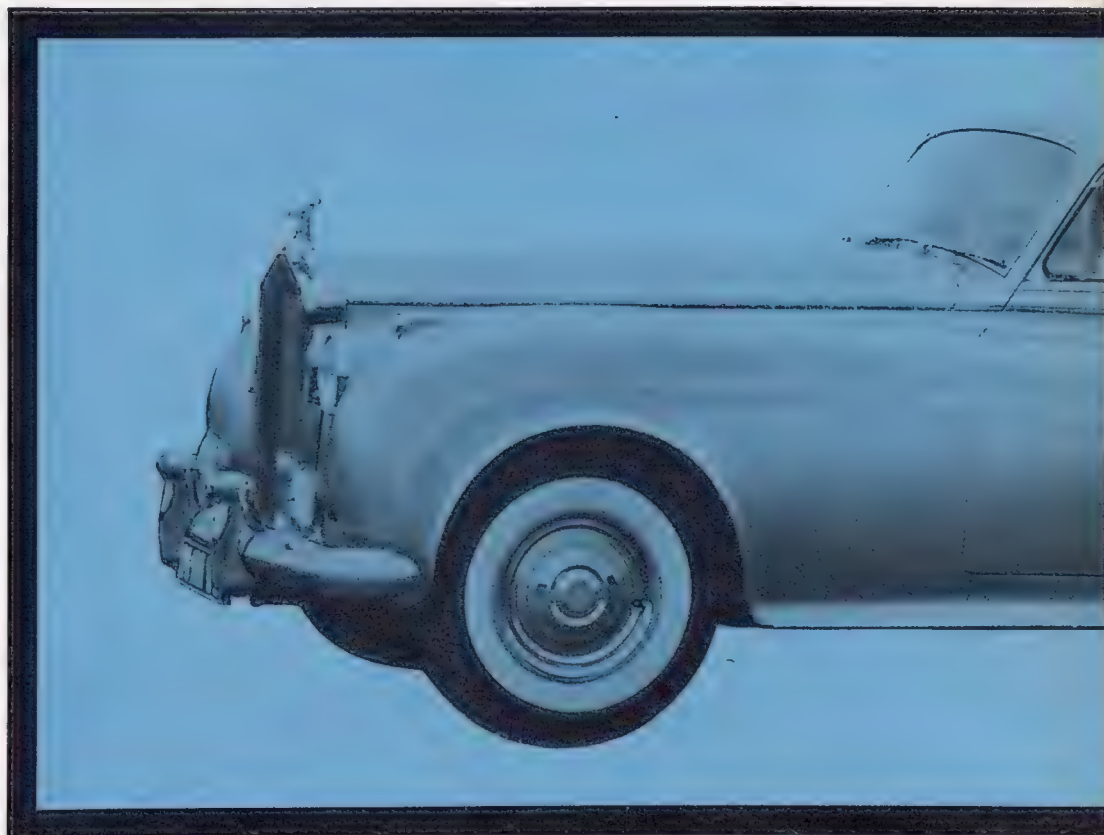
Flamingo pink roses strewn over a firm "pudding basin" shape covered with taffeta and net of the same colour. From the Givenchy collection obtainable only at 3 Avenue George Cinq, Paris. Colour photograph by Michel Molinare.

On The Cover: Under the bonnet of B.M.C.'s new Miniminor, leather goes to the head in a "Garbo" hat of mustard suède banded with ocelot, and a chimney pot hat of contrasting white and chestnut glacé kid. From Jenny Fischer, 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1. The Miniminor (and its twin, the Austin Seven), with such radical features as rubber springing, front-wheel drive and engine mounted sideways, can outperform its rivals. It seats four passengers comfortably. Price: £537 6s. 8d.

Cover photograph by COLIN SHERBOURNE

BONNETS *and bonnets*

When a girl wears one her menfolk may not recognize her, but everybody spots a car by its bonnet. Unfortunately it's getting harder now that car styles change almost as quickly as hats. So these pages are designed to help a girl bone up on the 1960 models and perhaps find herself a bonnet at the same time



Severe and unchanging, the most famous bonnet of them all conceals this year a new aluminium V8 engine—another transatlantic touch to go with the push-button windows, automatic gearbox, and air-conditioning. Price (Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II): £6,284 0s. 10d.

Gordon Wilkins





Sporting look for the M.G.A. is owed to its sweeping bonnet line which carries a reminder of the make's original radiator shape. Engine capacity is increased to 1589 cc this year, giving a top speed of 100 m.p.h., cruising speed of 80 m.p.h. Price: £940 (open model), £1,026 (hard top)

BO NETS and bonnets CONTINUED

Sporting look (*opposite*) of black-and-tan check tweed is enhanced by the military badge. The edging is black braid and the trimming is black petersham. This Otto Lucas high hat is at Fortnum & Mason in London and Samuels in Manchester

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT 1960's BRITISH CARS

A.C. Greyhound saloon: New model for the show (two-door four-seater).

Alvis Front disc brakes now standard on both models.

Aston Martin New model announced September. DB4, G.T. 2-seater saloon and touring models. Girling disc brakes all round, three carburettors, 302 b.h.p.

Austin Seven saloon: New model (August) A40, A55, A99 (Westminster): New Farina-styled models, announced earlier.
Austin-Healey: 3000 4-seater, mechanical improvements including front disc brakes. Now available with hard top.
Princess: New 3-litre model with special Vanden Plas bodywork and 100 m.p.h. performance.

Bentley S2 (Standard) Saloon: New V8 engine & air conditioning.
Continental: New Park Ward coupe with new V8 engine.

Bristol 406: Over-riders now standard, and fog and spotlamps re-positioned.

Daimler 2½-litre V8 Sports: New model, announced earlier, now in production.

Ford Popular saloon: New model.
Anglia saloon: New model.
Prefect saloon: New engine & four-speed gearbox.
Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac: Lowered roofline and interior details.



BONNETS *and bonnets* CONTINUED

Businesslike scoop dominates the bonnet of the Bristol 406 (*left*) which continues unchanged this year. This is a car that has always had good lines and combines them with high performance. Price £4,244 0s. 10d.

Frivolous feathers, honey-coloured with tan markings, encircle a blonde fur crown in this hat made by Svend of Paris (*below left*). It can be bought only from the Svend Salon at Jacques Heim, 15 Avenue Matignon, Paris



Under the veil (*above*) of this Otto Lucas model is a black velvet pill-box with a huge satin bow. It can be bought at Fortnum & Mason, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Bradford



Under the bonnet of the Mark II Jaguar is a livelier engine giving 220 b.h.p. This Jaguar front, which defies contemporary trends, goes with a body of improved interior comfort and visibility, and several detailed mechanical improvements

Hillman

Minx saloon: New fully automatic gear-change and increased power.

Husky: More powerful engine.

Humber

Hawk saloon & limousine: Improved gear ratios.

Super Snipe saloon: New disc brakes (front) and bigger engine.

Jaguar

2.4-litre Mk. II saloon: New disc brakes, hotted-up engine, enlarged windows all round, new instrument panel & seats.

3.4-litre Mk. II saloon: Body changes as on 2.4-litre.

3.8-litre, Mk. II saloon: New model (the 3.4-litre with bigger engine and mechanical modifications to go with it).

M.G.

M.G.A.: Bigger engine and new front disc brakes.

Magnette Mk. III: New Farina-styled model (announced earlier) with improved steering and brakes.

Morris

Minimajor saloon: New model (August).

Series V Oxford saloon: New Farina-styled body, rubber-slung front seats, bigger boot, announced earlier.

Riley

4/6 Eight saloon: New Farina-styled model (announced in the spring).

Rolls-Royce

Silver Cloud II: New engine and air-conditioning.

Phantom V Park Ward limousine: New model (September).

Rover

New models (September): Rover 80 (4-cyl., 2½-litre) has overdrive, heater, etc., as standard. Rover 100 has same body and equipment as 80, but with 6-cyl., 2.6-litre engine, and disc brakes standard.

Sunbeam

Alpine: New model (announced earlier).

Rapier: New disc brakes and engine with aluminium head.

Triumph

Herald saloon: New model (announced during summer). Also de luxe 2-seater with specially designed accessories (new for Show).

Vauxhall

Victor saloon: Mk. II version with neater body and improved rear bumper (announced earlier).

Velox and Cresta: New grille shape, wrap-round rear windows and other details.

Wolseley

6-99 saloon: New Farina-styled model (July).



Lavish is the word for the use of fur on this season's hat. At left a soft brown stitched felt is faced with nutria. By Otto Lucas at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells

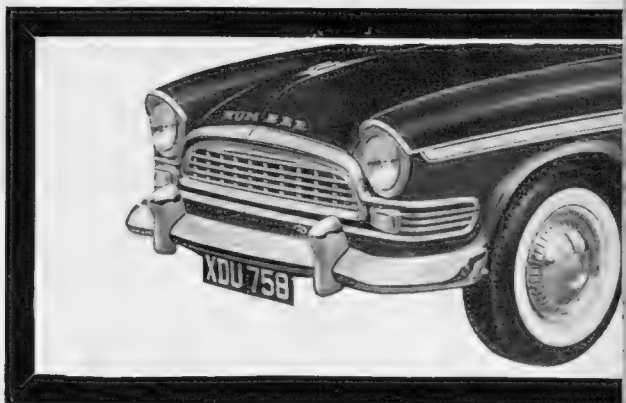
Compact is the Americans' word for Detroit's new series of less enormous cars, of which the Falcon (*below*) is Ford's contender. It is a six-seater. Price: (estimated) £1,900



Capitalist model from Paris consists of a crest of black fox fur allied to a large ear-tickling collar of the same fur. From Pierre Cardin, 118 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris



Communist model from Russia is the Tchaika, which may be seen in England under the recent trade agreement. Like all Russian cars it strongly resembles Western models of four or five years earlier



What's **super** about Humber's Super Snipe for 1960 is a zippier engine of 2.9 litres and disc brakes at the front. Price: £1,410 14s. 2d.

What's **super** about this beret is the use of ranch mink tails, edged with black velvet. By Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody

For night-time nonsense, a minute top-knot of black velvet (*right*) with a whoosh of curled black feathers. Only from Pierre Cardin at 118 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris

For daytime distinction, this Cadillac Starlight coupé by Pinin Farina, with sculptured lines of classical simplicity and beauty. The whole roof is transparent, but power-operated shields slide up if required. Price unavailable, but comparable Cadillacs cost £5,000 plus



BONNETS *and bonnets* CONTINUED



Fashionable face of the Austin A40 styled, like the Cadillac on this page, by Farina. This handsome saloon, with a suggestion of a station wagon in its rear shape, has already established itself as a general favourite. Price: £630 2s. 6d.

Perfect profile and severe hairstyle are required by the girl who wants to wear this jaunty pillbox (*right*) made of mauve swathed pure-silk taffeta, surmounted with roses in mauve and black taffeta, plus a high-standing black feather. A Jean Barthet model from 107 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris



Ideal for town, useful for country, the Vauxhall Victor has acquired a smarter look in its Mark II version, which retains the unmistakable transatlantic derivation of its wrap-around windscreen and wide grille. Price: £801 10s. 10d.

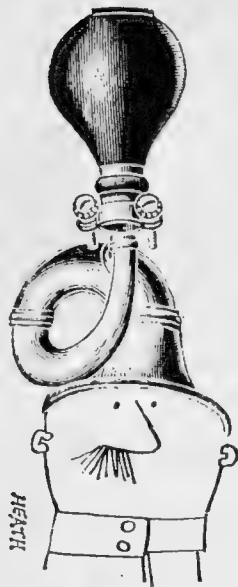
Ideal for country, useful for town, is this casual pull-on (*below*) in tan felt. It is lined cream and banded with claf in the same colours. A Svend model at Jacques Heim, 15 Avenue Matignon, Paris



Jewelled cluster sparkles on the bronze stitched velvet of the hat at right. It is swathed with toning satin. From Jean Barthet only, 107 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris

Jewelled running, almost watch-like in smoothness, distinguishes the Rover engines. This one (*right*) is the 3-litre model and is available with automatic gearbox as an optional extra. Price: £1,715 5s. 10d.





A VINTAGE YEAR!

More new cars and better old ones



THREE FROM ABROAD: *The neat German BMW (top), the Farina convertible for the Fiat 1,600 (middle), and the sleek Abarth-Fiat. All are described by Gordon Wilkins this week*

THERE HAS NOT BEEN A YEAR LIKE it this century for sunshine, for wine (in France, they are cooling the vats with water to keep the fermentation under control!), or for new cars. The Motor Show which opens at Earls Court this morning brings together all the new and improved cars that have come forth in astonishing profusion during the year, plus a big crop of late arrivals.

During 1959 almost the entire B.M.C. range of saloons has appeared with new Farina-styled lines, followed by the all-new Miniminor. Ford have spruced up their models and added a new Anglia. Vauxhall have refurbished their Victor and Velox, and Rootes have made a big advance with their automatic-gearchange Minx. Standards have brought out their astonishing Triumph Herald, and Jaguar, Rolls and Rover have all made changes.

Abroad the picture is just as varied, from the new "compact" Americans (a big departure in a country where Chevrolet alone will produce more cars this year than Britain's entire 1958 output) to the resprung Renault Dauphine. I have seen most of the foreign newcomers at the Frankfurt and Paris shows, but for the moment back to Earls Court, where there are a number of late changes on established British models.

The Humber Super Snipe which some people found rather disappointing when it was introduced a year ago now has a bigger engine (2.9 litres) and disc brakes at the front, which should give it a full measure of acceleration and stopping ability.

Triumph have adopted a plan I suggested when I first tried the new Herald. They have produced a saloon with the twin-carburettor engine and high axle-ratio of the coupé. As this gives it nearly a quarter increase in power, it should be a real Jekyll-and-Hyde model—an innocent-looking family saloon with a surprising turn of performance.

Jaguars have more power than ever. They have now crammed a 3.8-litre engine into the 3.4-litre saloon. As the 3.4 was a car on which the unwary could get into trouble on wet roads, the 3.8 (220 b.h.p. peak output) sounds like the recipe for a real

handful; but three things have been done to tame its exuberance. A limited-slip differential is now fitted to keep wheelspin under control, front suspension is redesigned, and the rear track has been widened to improve stability. But the 2.4-litre is probably still the nicest to handle; it has less weight on the front wheels and in the Mark 2 version it has disc brakes like the others (plus a new cylinder head giving slightly more power).

Incidentally there are more differences on the Jaguar Mark 2 range than appear at first glance; besides the bigger windscreen and rear window, the doors are redesigned, with slim window frames, and the glass area is greatly extended in the rear doors. Seats and instrument panel are redesigned and there is a warning light which shows if the brake fluid runs low or if one drives away with the handbrake on.

The Continental Bentley has the new V8 engine and new four-shoe front brakes to match the high performance. A.C. have a new model, the Greyhound, which is a two-door-four-seater saloon following the lines of the Aceca coupé but using a new chassis with coil instead of leaf springs. They have been experimenting with a flat-four engine but it is not yet ready for production. So they are using the Bristol engine.

At Frankfurt and Paris I have been trying some of the new Continental cars which are coming to London. The Abarth Fiat 850, with a delightful little coupé body by Allemano, went singing down the autobahn at 95, with the engine revving happily at no less than 6,800 r.p.m.—and this is only the pushrod model. The 850 twin-cam is much faster—but it is also very, very expensive. The little BMW 700 saloon has an attractive line, reasonable space for four, a smooth-running two-cylinder air-cooled engine at the rear and all-independent suspension which gives it very good road-holding. The opposite conception is represented by the new DKW Junior, with three-cylinder water-cooled engine driving the front wheels. On the car I tried the steering-column gear change was rather difficult.

With their higher front wings and massive high-mounted bumpers, the Porsches look much more aggressive. Star of the new range

BY GORDON WILKINS

is the Super 90 with 1,600 c.c. 90 b.h.p. engine, giving performance nearly as high as the four-camshaft Carrera at much lower cost. There is a new compensator spring in the rear suspension to reduce oversteer. Its effect is not very noticeable at low speeds, but it does make the car easier to handle on fast swerves. It is still a car which can only be exploited to the full by a driver with quick reflexes who really enjoys driving as an art.

Another car which has modified suspension is the Renault Dauphine. The coil springs are softer and are supplemented by air cushions at the rear. On an ordinary three-seater saloon which I tried at Montlhéry, there was a noticeable improvement in riding comfort with driver only on board, and a slight gain in cornering power, but a Dauphine Gordini also fitted with the new suspension was so tricky to handle that I finally felt I must be growing old. Fortunately two very experienced colleagues reacted exactly the same trouble, so I concluded my reflexes were no worse than usual. The lesson seems to be that the high cornering ability of modern independently sprung small cars is obtained only by very careful matching of spring strength, shock absorbers, tyres and tyre pressures; involuntary departure from the designer's prescrip-

tion can have a big effect on the overall result.

The Simca Aronde also has new rear suspension, with coil springs and semi-elliptics at the rear. I tried the Montlhéry saloon with sports engine at Montlhéry. It went up to 78 m.p.h. with scarcely any more noise than the standard model makes at lower speeds and handled very well at cornering speeds which one would never employ on the road.

A newcomer to the British market is the Citroën ID station wagon. Its unique hydraulic-pneumatic suspension system gives a smooth, comfortable ride whether it is running fully laden with nine people or with driver only, an achievement probably no other wagon can equal. With disc brakes at the front there should be ample stopping power, even with heavy loads.

A fast, roomy and comfortable convertible is the new Fiat 1500 with body by Farina and twin-cam engine designed by the Maserati brothers. It has just gone into production after a year of concentrated chassis development, and is certainly a good-looker. It has a direct competitor in the Facellia, just announced by Facel in France. This has a four-cylinder twin-cam 1600 cc engine (Weslake did the cylinder-head development in England), and a pretty convertible body which is a cleverly scaled-



FRANCE'S LUXURY make, the Facel Vega, now has an engine of its own (instead of Chrysler's) in its new Facellia convertible

down version of the larger Facel Vega. Maximum speed is said to be about 114 m.p.h. It is beautifully finished and has a most original type of seat, composed of soft form-conforming rolls nested together.

All told, this looks like being London's best Motor Show since the war—not only because of the variety of new and modified models but because everywhere there is solid mechanical progress and an undeniable movement towards shapelier appearance.

BRIGGS by Graham

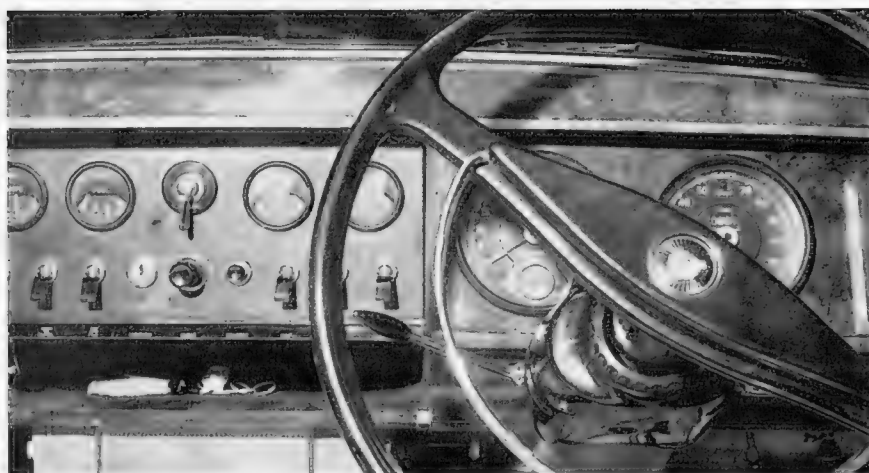


A DASH with DASH or a DASH with g



FORD'S ZEPHYR, in its latest form, has a dash of exemplary neatness and simplicity. Everything is in front of the driver, the top is padded and the effect is dash with dignity. Ford has long excelled in this department

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS LE

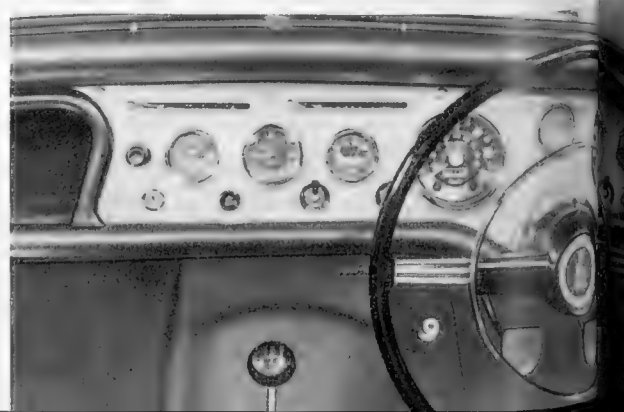


JAGUAR'S MARK II series lets the passengers share the dials and has a row of identical switches, all labelled but surely easily mistaken? The wood finish seems inescapable in British quality cars (above)



AUSTIN HEALEY'S SPRITE has what is usually described as a "functional" layout. It is simple and practical, but wouldn't it be neater without those switches straggling across the middle? (above right)

SUNBEAM'S ALPINE, a gem of simplicity on the outside, is more cluttered inside. It gives full value in dials, but it is odd that there should be so many precautions in vehicles of such high reliability (right)



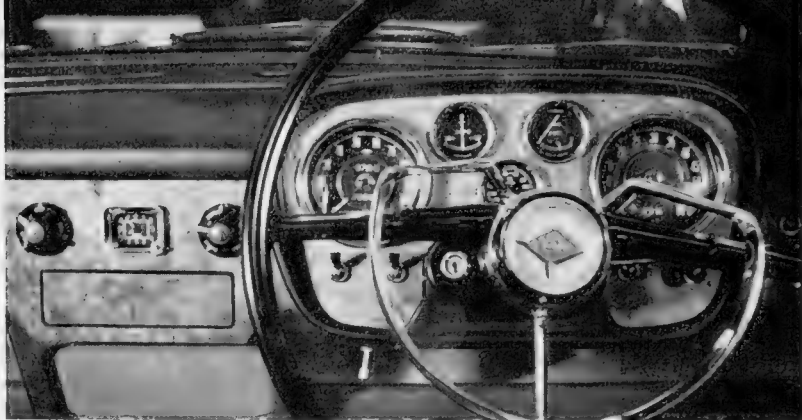
Looking down the bonnet from the other end, Henry Awbry appraises the Show's perennial, least looked-at exhibit

WHEN IT COMES TO CHOOSING A CAR IT'S SURPRISING how many motorists, especially women, go by what the thing looks like on the outside, forgetting that they will be spending most of their motoring time on the inside looking out. They appraise the lines for dash or dignity, but the dashboard—which is going to be staring them in the face all the driving days—gets hardly a glance. Personally I feel very sorry for the dashboard—or the fascia or the instrument panel or whatever you like to call it. I would vote it The Part Most Likely To Feel Insecure through lack of attention. After all, somebody is always polishing the body or fussing over the engine (even a girl owner has a boy friend or a friendly garage man). The seats get brushed and the chassis gets greased, but whoever gives a thought to the dashboard? Even the designer often doesn't bother with it. He may spend months shaping the body to get it looking right from every angle, but when it comes to the dashboard he just bundles a few dials and switches together and fixes them on a piece of board. And the funny thing is that the dearer the car the less trouble he seems to take.

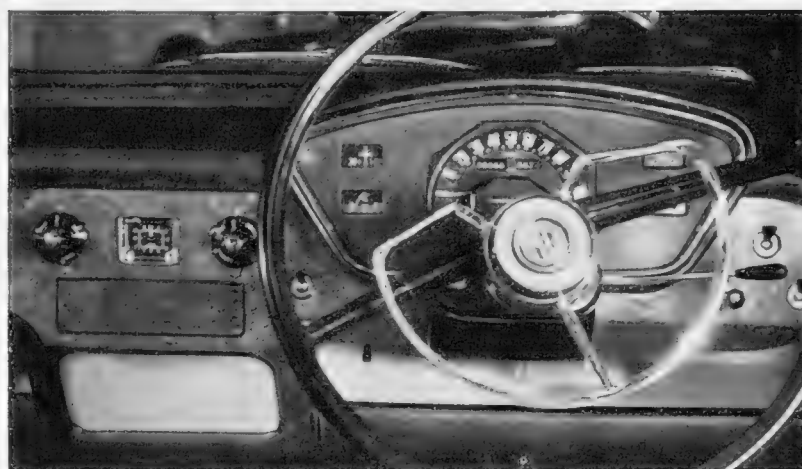
Speaking as the Dashboard's Friend I would like to urge that my client is entitled to be taken more seriously. He is after all an important part of any car. A friendly warning from his petrol gauge has saved many a girl driver from being stranded, and any girl passenger who took the trouble to keep an eye on it could never get caught by that old breakdown trick on a lonely road. Besides, it's essential to have a speedometer to look at when you catch sight of a motor-cycle cop in your driving mirror. Whether all the other dials are so necessary is another matter. But I did hear of a rev. counter that proved invaluable when the driver was speeding with his mother in the passenger seat—she thought it was the speedometer and comfortably interpreted 4,000 revs as 40 m.p.h.

Some people complain that dashboards aren't what they were—too many lights that only come on when something is wrong, instead of dials that tell you what's happening all the time. I class these people with the pessimists who are always expecting the battery to go flat and are never happy unless there's a starting handle aboard. Give them dials and the chances are they wouldn't look at them anyway until the engine had seized or the generator had given up, but they could hardly miss a flash from a little red warning light. Besides, designers seem so pressed for space that they're for ever putting the dials in front of the passenger instead of the driver, whereas there's always room for those little lights.

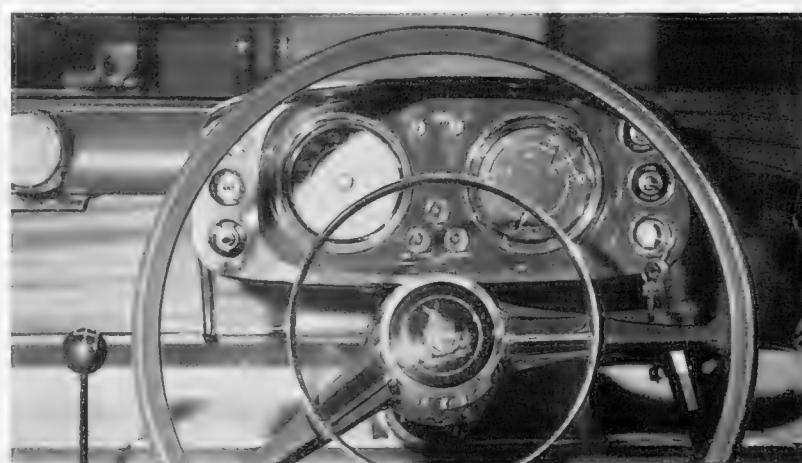
A more serious complaint against the dashboard is that he is sometimes guilty of barking the knees of long-legged passengers, and he has even been accused of cracking skulls in a violent stop. This charge cannot be entirely rebutted, but in mitigation I plead that the dashboard would never do such a thing if designers would take the elementary precaution of covering his hard edges with proper padding. My client asks only that he be constructed with as much thought as an interior decorator bestows on the fireplace. He is confident that he would then be no less safe and every bit as decorative.



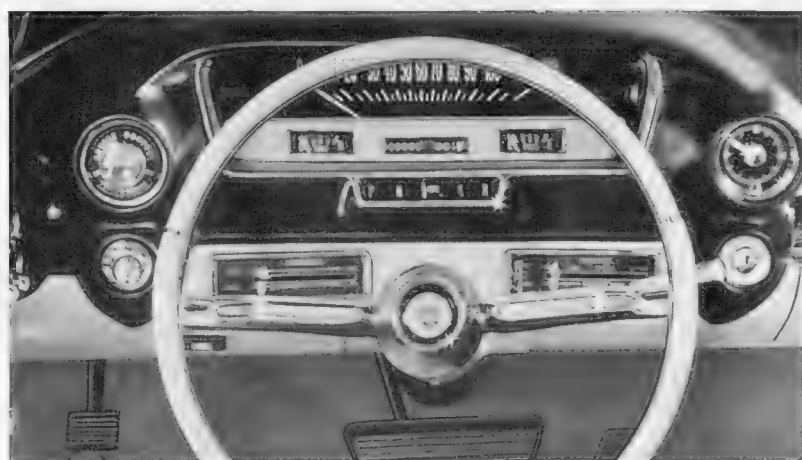
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2



3



4

- 1 BMC'S RILEY, one of the Farina series, groups the dials in this extremely tidy arrangement, and uses a combination of polished wood and padding round it
- 2 BMC'S MG MAGNETTE, another Farina model, has a variation on the Riley layout but the clock and heater controls are identical. The speedometer preserves a traditional MG shape
- 3 ROVER uses an outsize nacelle, sensibly keeping all the instruments for the driver except the clock, in which passengers have an interest too
- 4 CADILLAC'S SIXTY SPECIAL exemplifies American practice—a dashing display but all practical and readable. The automatic gearchange indicator is incorporated on the dash, which is both neat and logical



JET

Countless controls—
presided over here
by a two-man team.
The aircraft has a
flight crew of six



Time for talk:
Australians Shirley
Abicair & George
Hawkes

scrapbook

TOM HUSTLER IS BACK FROM AN INAUGURAL FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD BY JET AIRLINER. HE TOOK HIS CAMERA OUT AT EVERY STOP AND CAME BACK WITH THIS PICTORIAL TRAVELOGUE

I SET OFF FROM LONDON AIRPORT AT mid-day and I arrived in Sydney 42 hours later. There was only one night during that time but because of the international date-line it was two calendar days later when we touched down. And it took another two days to recover and get back to a normal routine of eating and sleeping. . . . We had spent 31½ hours in the air and 10½ on the ground. The hours on the ground were mostly brief snatches at airports, but I managed to take pictures of such places as Iceland, New York, Honolulu and Fiji. In Sydney, though, I interrupted my journey and spent some time in Australia. I think Qantas, in whose Boeing 707 Jet I flew, should encourage pleasure travellers to stop off on the way for at least one or two nights at several stages. That is what I did on the way home, which accounts for the more numerous pictures I was able to take in Singapore, Calcutta and Karachi. I enjoyed this part of the journey more, owing to the opportunities to see such interesting places without too much hustle. It was all an amazing experience and left me with the impression that the world is much smaller than I thought it was. Now that regular round-the-world services by jet are being instituted—Qantas begin theirs next week—I expect to see trips of this kind become a “must” holiday for the ambitious traveller.

*Fares: £676 (first class)
£483 (tourist)*



Time for sleep:
In foreground film
man Mr. Stewart
Stern of Universal-
International



Homeward-bound
with her Australian
mother, Danny Keil
had been victim of
parental tug-of-war



Youngest passenger
gets a seat-side cot.
She is Karin Rauch,
4½ months, from
Munich

JET scrapbook continued

ICELAND . . . IDLEWILD . . . SAN FRANCISCO . . . HONOLULU . . . FIJI . . .



Above: Airport courtesy—a New York ground hostess helps two with immigration problems

Above right: Young America awaits take-off time in extravagant "baby doll" travel dress

Touch-down in Iceland and a smile from airgirl Bergthora Kristinsdottir who said: "Thank you so much for stopping by"

Eskimo look for Master/Sgt. Pete Divernere in fur hat at Keflavik where we refueled



Beatniks in San Francisco where we had a three-hour wait



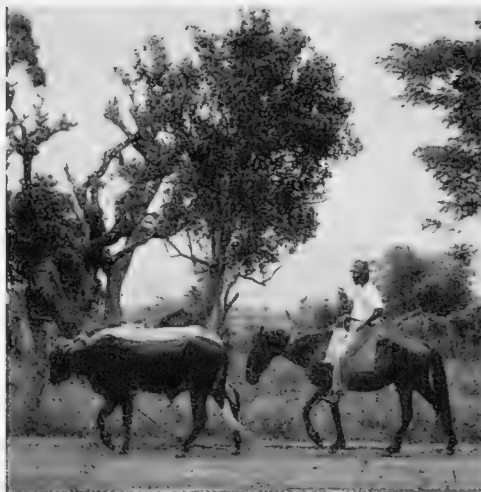
SYDNEY



Dawn in Honolulu and the last passengers pile into the Boeing for the Pacific hop to Fiji



Honolulu garland-makers on the road to the airport wore traditional nightie-style costume



Above: Oxen—not tractors—draw Fiji's ploughs



Above right: Story-time for Fijian children in a group outside a straw-roofed hut while their parents attend the Methodist chapel behind

Bustling Sydney—I broke my journey there and spent some time on a tour of Australia





Reporter Mildred Appaduray interviewed me for Radio Singapore which broadcasts in English, Malay and three local Chinese dialects



Singapore washing flaps from masts projecting over the teeming streets

JET scrapbook continued

left: SINGAPORE — right: CALCUTTA



Cultures clash in the island. In the background the skyscraper Bank of China, on the river a motorised junk, in the foreground the inevitable sleeper in the sun



Chinese millionaire & philanthropist Mr. Loke Wan Tho with his wife Christina. He owns Singapore's Cathay Hotel

Keeping cool in tropical rain, Phila Mae Wong, niece of the Wan Thos. Like many of her friends she is U.S. educated



By a vending kiosk stocked with Western goods an old lady counts the few cents in her lap



Most ancient form of transport is still the most usual. A straw-hatted coolie carries baskets balanced on a pole



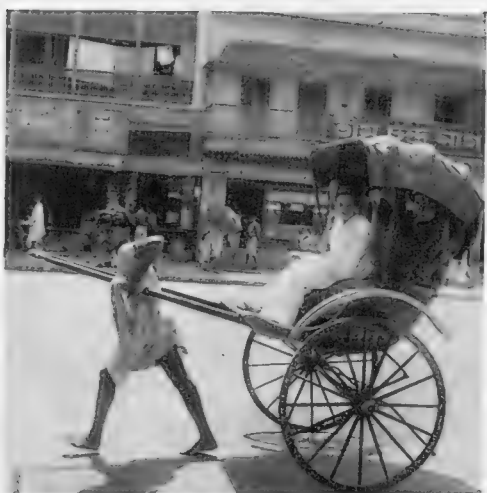
Right: I found a thriving English community. Here Mr. J. M. D. Chapman, captain of the Calcutta Rugby Club side was waiting to play in the final for the All-India Cup



Above: A Calcutta doctor rests in his veteran Ford while the driver reads to him. Above, right: Ancient & modern contrast of harbour shipping



Calcutta transport, old-style: a rickshaw boy threads through the traffic with his fare



The city has a million unemployed. By day the streets are crowded with aimless idling thousands—by night the pavements are for sleepers-out



Calcutta holy man—for him the universe is ordered to an inner vision. In the bustle of modern India he remains unchanged and untouched



JET scrapbook *continued*

. . . KARACHI

English flavour to a Sunday in Karachi where I saw 400 Pakistanis playing assorted games of cricket on the padang—a wide field of beaten mud. The British and their customs are still much admired in the city



Ancient custom with a modern twist. The wife is in Purdah (veiled) but she goes sailing with her husband



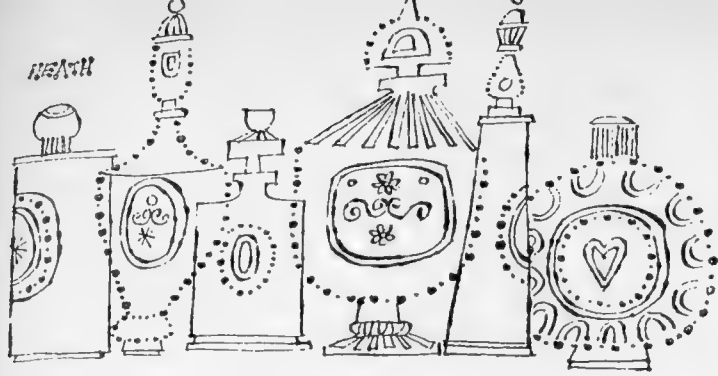
Robed Pakistani, one of the rapidly vanishing poor, sleeps under disused harbour cranes



Shanty town in Karachi shelters religious refugees from India but 40,000 families have been rehoused in permanent dwellings during the past year



Young Pakistan—she may inherit the prosperity foreshadowed in strong-man Mohammad Ayub Khan's five-year plan



BEAUTY by JEAN CLELAND

Show time hideaways

VISITORS TO LONDON FOR THE MOTOR SHOW WILL NOT BE LOOKING at cars all the time, especially if the visit lasts for some days. Other activities will be crowded in; theatres, shopping, hair-dos, and maybe a few facial treatments while staying near the London beauty salons.

On visits such as these, the problem is how to fit everything in. A considerable amount of time can be saved by lunching while you are having your hair done. A number of salons run this service, some with sandwiches and coffee, others with more elaborate menus. Some hairdressers even make a feature of special slimming lunches. Joy Byrne, 37 Albemarle Street, W.1, and John Cornel, 19 Conduit Street, W.1, both offer these lunches, to mention only two.

John Cornel stays open late on certain nights. Appointments can be made up to 6.30 p.m. on Thursdays and Fridays. This is useful for those who want to shop until the stores close, and then have their hair done.

When you are rushed, some salons cope with treatments to hair, face and nails. A great deal of energy and time is saved by staying under one roof.

Salons such as Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein do hair-dressing, facial treatments, manicure and chiropody and also have departments where massage and wax baths can be had. Weary Motor Show visitors would appreciate a wax bath followed by massage. The wax draws out acids and relieves aches and pains. The massage braces tired muscles, relaxes tension and soothes the nerves.

London's newest and most up-to-date salon is Yardley's in Bond Street, which has just been entirely rebuilt. Beautiful décor, elegance and luxury combine to give an atmosphere that is extremely restful. I spent an afternoon going over the building, and found many things to delight the eye.

Little treatment cubicles much thought has been given to the comfort of the clients. "As you know," said Mrs. Olive Cato (Chief Beauty Executive of Yardley's), "rooms are usually darkened at some point during a treatment to allow the client to relax and rest. Some people we find, dislike having no light. To get over this, we have had the doors inset with what can best be described as little glass portholes attractively decorated with a design of flowers. From the outside these cannot be seen through, yet sufficient light penetrates to give a pleasant sense of reassurance to those within."

Each cubicle has a pilot light outside the door, which shows red when occupied, and prevents any interruptions during treatments. Air-conditioning can be individually controlled by turning a handle.

Carpeting on the ground floor is in a pale parma violet. White curtains in the cubicles have a blue butterfly design, the front shop has a deep pelmet of pink at the windows, and gold and olive-green bands of brass and velvet surrounding each of the interior-lit glass-topped tables.

Young people are going to enjoy one feature of the new salon. This is a cubicle in which members of Yardley's Teen-age Club can come and experiment with make-up and cosmetics, under expert supervision.



Light & colour are skilfully used in the new Yardley salon. Waiting room (left) has grey silk walls, a violet carpet, settee of yellow hide. Showroom (below) has indirect sunshine lighting; treatment cubicle (bottom) has double lighting for day or evening make-up



COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ

On the trail of
gadgets and gimmicks
for the
woman motorist

This woman motorist wears a country classic in mustard and tan hounds-tooth checked tweed. The belted long-line jacket is worn with a roomy box-pleated skirt. Prices: suit £31 10s., lambskin beret, £6 16s. 6d., both from Wetherall, Regent Street, W.1. Her car: the new Miniminor de Luxe (price £537 6s. 8d.) Colour photograph by COLIN SHERBOURNE



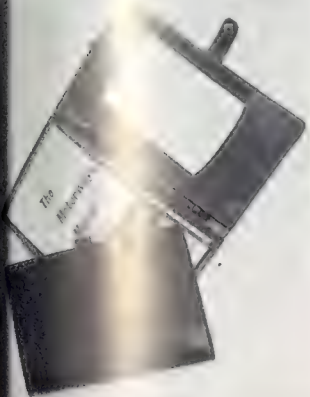
CAR CALLS: The Air Call Radio Secretarial Service (Regent 2552) and the General Post Office have inaugurated individual systems for people with telephones in their cars or vans. The Air Call Radio Service's system is to give a "radio secretary" to each of their clients. She receives and gives messages on his behalf and can make and break appointments—in fact she becomes another staff member. Operating within a set radius of London and Birmingham it is available 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Rental charge is £10 a month and the installation for a car costs £7 10s., for a van, £5. Minimum rental period is six months.

The G.P.O. radio-telephone service will begin next Tuesday and it will operate from two main stations giving radio coverage to the southern half of Lancashire, the Wirral and parts of North Cheshire. Customers will have to fit their vehicles with suitable radio equipment, and in order to make and receive calls to and from telephones in the United Kingdom and Irish Republic, be within range of one of the G.P.O.'s two main stations. A three minute "local" call, i.e. within the area of the radio coverage, costs 2s. 6d. and the charge for a call to or from a telephone outside the South Lancashire area is 7s. 10s. plus trunk charge. There will be a standard licence fee of £7 10s. per quarter. If a success, it is hoped that the service will be extended to London and other centres.

ORDNANCE SURVEY maps on the 1:25,000 scale for motorists cost 7s. each at the Map House, 67 St. James's Street, S.W.1. For motorists, too, there are map cases in twill or in a skin, like the one shown which holds 40 1/2-inch maps of England & Wales and costs £18 15s. (in leather £15 10s.). The Map House has a wide range of Continental maps.



HIDE CASES for the motorist and his map-reader come from Finnigans, New Bond Street. One case covers an A.A. book. It is easily detachable and is stud fastened. Price: £1 17s. 6d. The other case has sections for road maps and 'Trip Card' pads. A compass and pencil are other useful attachments. Price: £2 10s. 6d.



CAR COMFORT: Rug cushion, which has won honours here and in Europe, is made by Gannex. Rug cushion means a handled case which unzips to spill forth a rug. The case is then inflated to make a soft cushion—giving a travelling rug and cushion in one. This is ideal for motoring and is made in Gannex cloth in many attractive tartans. Gannex cloth has been called a miracle fabric, and it certainly has some miraculous qualities. Completely wind and waterproof, stains are more than easily removed, and if they are not, the rug can be washed in a washing machine and dries quickly. It lasts for ever and is warm and light as a down quilt. Price about £6 19s. 6d. from leading stores throughout the country.



MOTORING MEN can refit in the new Men's Shop at Woollands. Quality and design in the ready-to-wear casual collection is especially good—no tailoring is done. Sizing is comprehensive and many of the clothes are Italian. By November Woollands hope to specialize largely in clothes by Brioni, one of the foremost names in Italian men's ready-to-wear. Shown here (from left), a cotton proofed lined driving raincoat by Brioni, 29 gns. White and brown pullover 18 gns. Pants in tan peccary leather, 44 gns.



POLYTHENE BUCKET by Bex makes car-washing easy. Placed on the car roof it sends a steady stream of clean water through the attached tube which damps the sponge enough for washing. One filling is enough for the job and the 11-ft. long tube will reach all parts of the car. For general use plug bucket with the stopper provided. Price: 19s. 6d. (2s. 6d. postage) from the Army & Navy Stores

STREAMLINED LUGGAGE from America has come to Simpsons, where it is exclusive to them. They are made in magnesium (compressed metal) and covered with vinyl and are hard-wearing but light. The cases are well-proportioned and have built-in locks and hinges. They stand on small "feet." This set, called Samsonite, has three suitcases, an overnight and a beauty case. In tan or grey for men, and tan, grey, platinum grey, blue or white for women, prices: from £15 to £23



The last house in Grosvenor Square

No. 44, the home of Lady Illingworth & the house to which the news of Waterloo was brought, is the last remaining private house in the square. Barry Swaebe took these pictures of an elegant survivor among the office blocks



Lady Illingworth waters her flowers in the stone-flagged garden which is laid out on the classic plan with a Greek temple and statuary



The Georgian-fronted house—in former days one of many similar town residences in an exclusive region—is sandwiched now and dwarfed by taller buildings on either side



Above: Yesterday's dining room (now the morning room) has glass connecting doors flanked by chairs from the Coronation of King George VI. Here the Prime Minister, the Earl of Liverpool, read the Waterloo dispatches while a dinner guest of Lord Harrowby—the then owner. *Below:* Today's dining room is panelled in Adam blue, has a mantel-piece of white & green marble. The silver galleon is a Wellington relic



The quiet morning room serves also as a study. Lady Illingworth works at this elegant desk



Temple in the garden is flanked by two statues—replicas of the famed Herculaneum Wrestlers now on the Embankment near the Temple



Two views of the drawing room with its carved ceiling, walls and mantelpiece by Adam. *Above:* The Berlin china vase on right was a gift from Prussia's King to Lady Illingworth's great-great-grandfather. *Below:* By the fireplace a Hogarth portrait (Miss Holcroft). A fresco behind panelling in the room is also reputedly the work of the artist



The last house in Grosvenor Square

continued



Busy Grosvenor Square and the two-toned cars parked outside the American Embassy seem far removed from the quiet setting of No. 44, seen here in a back view photographed from the garden

ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE

reports from Herault



Chateau life down south

THE DEPARTMENT OF HERAULT SPRAWLS in the sunshine between the Cevennes mountains and the Mediterranean.

Hundreds of holidaymakers drive across its shapely bridges every summer on their way to Spain and probably they do not know exactly where they are. On the East and West sides the department stops short, respectively, of Nîmes and Carcassonne . . . and it is vineyards, vineyards all the way. Here and there among them, usually curtailed by trees, are pretty houses, which Britons would call stately homes. They are mostly lived in by people in whose veins still runs the blood of their ancient owners (in various shades of blue).

Some of the houses here are *châteaux forts*—feudal castles. Others are in the formal symmetrical style of Louis XIII, XIV and XV. Others bear traces of several stages—erectly mixed-up châteaux. Generally speaking, the word *chateau* in France covers the whole group of British dwellings that comes in the address category of Castle, Hall, Manor, Grange and Lodge . . . the big house of the village. The feudal meaning of *chateau*, involving fiefs and territorial dominance, went long ago with Cardinal Richelieu and the Louis's.

At best to be technical, a *chateau* had a sort of royal licence to have a keep or tower. This is known in France as a *donjon* but should not be confused with a dungeon, which is exactly the opposite—just as the French O.T.A.N. is the English N.A.T.O. . . . which is a matter for thought, but some other time.)

Within the shopping orbit of Montpellier are several of the purer architectural type whose owners are all vaguely threaded into the same armorial tapestry. All of them are close enough to each other to have permitted visits in carriage days for what must have been a day's hard lunching. The style of living in these houses has its special features just as British country-house life tends to a certain similarity. For instance, here every house has quantities of lovely silver accumulated in generations of wedding gifts. Wallpaper is more emphatically patterned; family records are better kept but have their

ups and downs depending on whether the current owner is interested; and there seems to be much more family heraldry on view. Like their ancestors these people work at producing their wine, although probably they put a lot more direct effort into it—and certainly they get a lot less reward. They still have what seems to be an enviable life if you don't look too closely at it. In fact, of course, it is full of problems.

Owing to Salic law as opposed to the eldest-son-gets-all principle, family heirlooms are spread about through marriages. Thus when, say, Mlle. de Belleville marries M. de Beaufort she brings with her some Belleville treasures but her brother will meanwhile be acquiring others by marrying Mlle. de la Joliernaïson. Leaving the lot with the house to the eldest boy would start some spectacular family suing operations.

The best-known chateau in Herault stands above the village of Castries (pronounced Castry) and is owned by the Duke of Castries (pronounced Caste). The chateau has developed from a military watchtower set up by the Romans to survey their road between Nîmes and Narbonne. It came into the crusader family of La Croix in the middle ages. The present duke is an author with a noted sense of history and research. He has given the chateau everything it needs for its dignity and it remains very much a living thing. His wife is the daughter of the Count de Cassagne, whose estates are on the western side of the department.

The duke's son, now soldiering in Algeria, is just as fascinated by the chateau's history, its archives and its associations. The newest of the family heirlooms is the red cavalry officer's side-hat worn by the duke's cousin, General de la Croix de Castries, when commanding the garrison at Dienbienphu.

Then there is the Chateau de Lavagnac, listed in the 17th century as one of the five most beautiful residences of Languedoc. Its owner, Count Henri d'Aulan, has maintained it in perfect condition, and a good deal of the actual work on the furniture has

been done by himself. In addition Count d'Aulan conducts a large vineyard, employing a permanent staff of nearly 30 and taking on another 45 or so during the *vendanges*. His charming wife shares his interests . . . except she prefers to eat the grapes where he makes wine out of them.

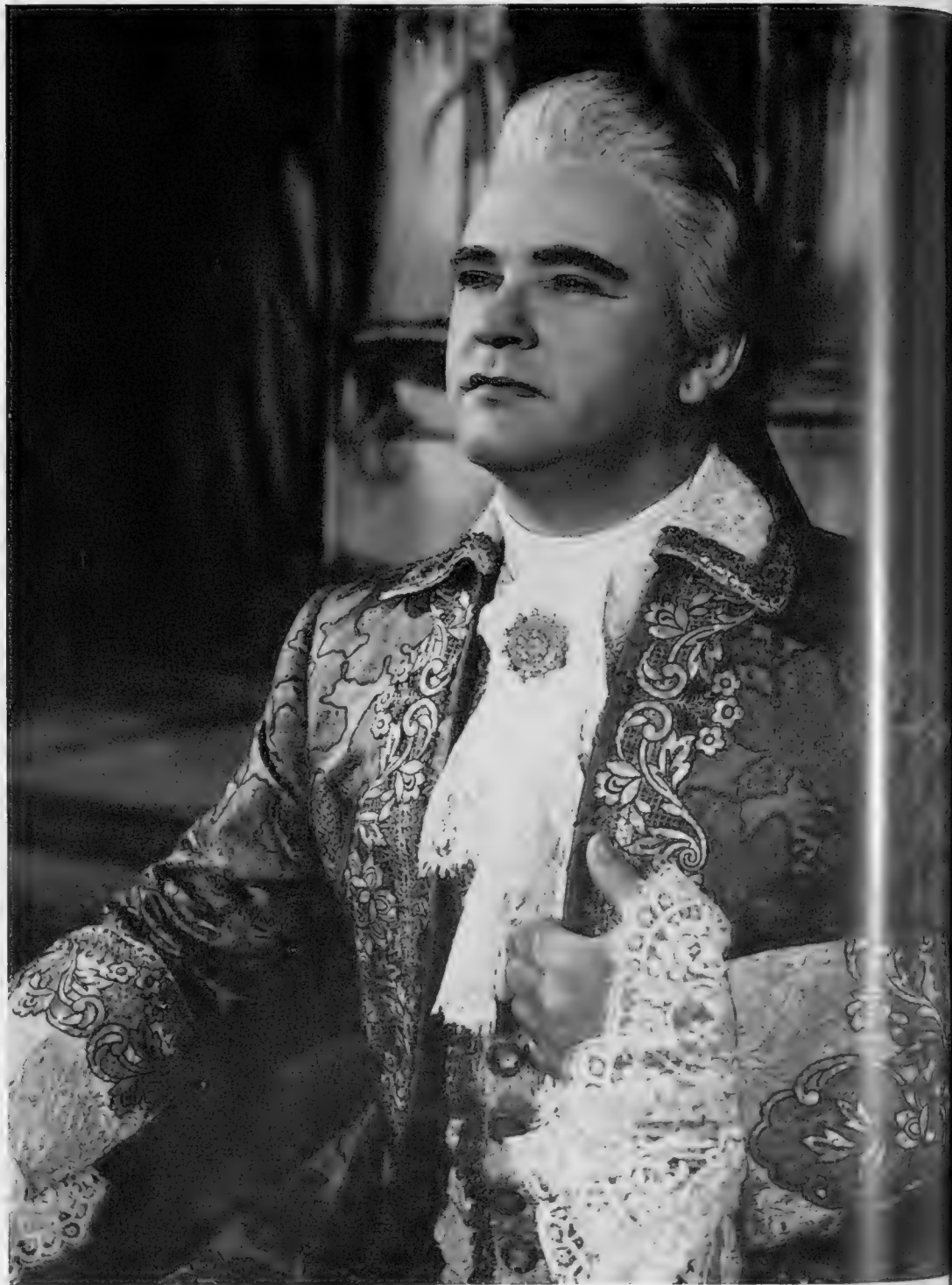
In Herault the economy of the chateau depends on the yield of its vineyards, which produce the sort of wine a workman gets when he goes into a bistro and snarls "*un rouge*." As a crop it keeps its owners' attention pretty well glued on it the whole year round. Comes the splendid 20-day climax of the "*vendange*," followed by the anxiety of seeing how much can be got for the juice. So the *vigneron* lives in pessimism, worrying about the weather and metropolitan politics and never knowing when drought, blight, glut, rot and the activities of temperance organizations may floor him for another year.

State-backed researchers constantly design fascinating new gadgets to simplify the whole business of wine production. These finally infiltrate the villages, but though the Midi Frenchman may be wildly radical in his politics (mass-going Catholic communists in large part), he remains sternly conservative in farming habits. In our own village during these *vendange* days I have seen people blue to the knees with grape juice, having just been jumping, stamping or hopping in the stuff—anything to avoid modernization.

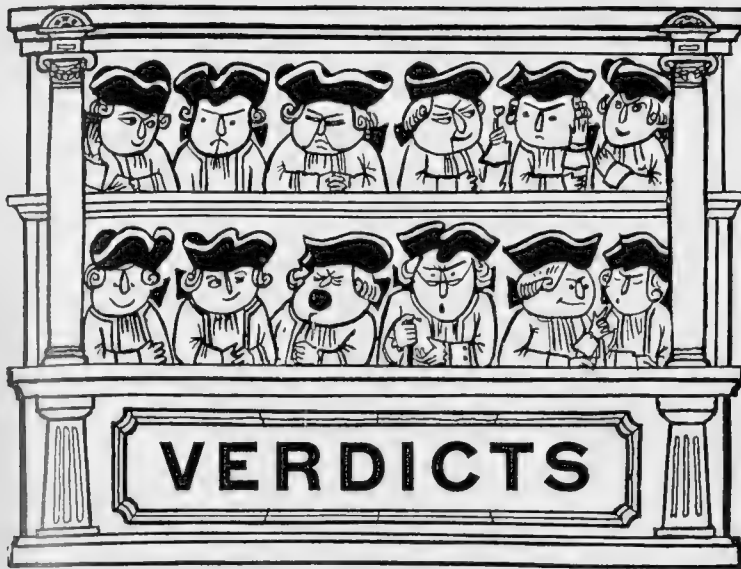
So far as comfort is concerned the Chateau de Montarnaud has a fair share of modernization. It was built in the 11th century and stands square to the view from many miles away, balanced and beautiful among its pine trees. Its walls are thicker than a long arm's reach. Bees, flowers and dogs abound and the atmosphere is decidedly benign. The great uncle of the present owner, the Marquis de Turenne d'Aynac, was left the house by his grandfather but, being in the diplomatic service, spent most of his life abroad. He still managed to do plenty to the house, achieving much in comfort but, in beauty, nil. He added some fussy towers which don't seem quite to fit. It will all conform, no doubt, in 200 years.

Everywhere in Herault you find modified farmhouses, like the Mas de René. The word *mas* is ancient Languedoc for *house* and you pronounce the s. You come across them, self-contained, neat and silent among the hills. The Mas-René is being enroached on by the spread of Montpellier and its owner Count de Campeau is too concerned with the daily life of farming his land and a large number of handsome children, to bother much with historical matters. The countess tried to find me a plan of the house. She opened a desk and out fell a lot of parchment documents, together with a dog-collar, a box of pills and other domestic objects. "Ah, there are the archives," she said. "I've always meant to get around to sorting them out." "Yes, we really must," said her husband without much conviction, "... one of these winter days."

Fashions in heroes at Sadler's Wells



Three colourful figures of the operatic stage appear at Sadler's Wells during the current season, which opened last week. Above: Charles Craig as Andrea Chenier in the new production of Giordano's opera, set in the French Revolution. Though popular on the Continent it is seldom produced here. Wagner's doom-laden hero of *The Flying Dutchman* (above, left) is played by David Ward, and the heartless philanderer of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (which returns after an absence of three years) by Raimund Herincx (left)



The play **ONE MORE RIVER**
(Paul Rogers, Robert Shaw). Duke of York's.

The films **NORTH WEST FRONTIER**
(Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom, Wilfrid Hyde White, I. S. Johar, Ursula Jeans, Eugene Deckers.) Director J. Lee Thompson.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
(Full length puppet film). Director Jiri Trnka.

The records **ANATOMY OF A MURDER**

AT HIS VERY BEST

BAL MASQUE

NEWPORT 1958

All by Duke Ellington

The books **MY FRIEND JUDAS**
by Andrew Sinclair (Faber & Faber, 15s.)

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS
By Colin MacInnes (Macgibbon & Kee, 15s.)

AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE
By Alma Mahler Werfel (Hutchinson, 25s.)

MY RUSSIAN JOURNEY
By Santha Rama Rau (Gollancz, 21s.)



Ship's company of sea lawyers

THE SEA IS A CALLING WHICH FORCES a man to face his own limitations. A master mariner may be a brutal slave-driver, but mutineers had better be sure before they depose him from command that they have available someone with the know-how to run the ship and the courage to apply it. If they have not, the sea may make it clear to them that righteous indignation is no substitute for seamanship.

On this simple theme Mr. Beverley Cross has spun a rattling good yarn for the stage. Some of the psychology in *One More River* at the Duke of York's may seem on cool reflection a little phoney, but in the theatre the high narrative tension carries it along so smoothly that the play never once slackens its hold; and a competent male cast is directed with imaginative expertness by Mr. Guy Hamilton. The result is a piece of theatre enormously exciting in its tough, pseudo-realistic way—a successor, let us say, to *Seagulls Over Sorrento*.

The scene is the after-deck of a cargo-boat waiting in a treacherous, sultry river for a chance to berth at a West African port. A single error of judgment made by a middle-aged bosun sets the tense action going. It stems from his deep-seated conviction that youngsters fresh from a training ship should not have the way made easy for them to command seasoned men of the sea like himself. This rankling grievance makes him prone to give a too-sympathetic ear to the hands. They are never tired of cursing the mate temporarily in charge of the ship who is driving them hard in the torrid heat in order to impress the owners with his fitness for command.

In one of his more violent moods the mate accuses the bosun of keeping poor discipline and hints that he is getting too old for his job. But for this intolerable provocation the bosun would never have dreamed of giving tacit consent for the crew to celebrate New Year's Eve on a case of gin looted from the cargo. The crew are inflamed with gin and mutinous talk when the deck-boy runs out of the mate's cabin screaming. He has been blinded with hot water which apparently has been thrown into his face. There is instant revolt which the bosun finds himself leading. He presides at a court

martial which he does his best to conduct properly, but things are getting out of hand.

It soon appears that the mate, brute though he may be, understands his rights as a prisoner better than the men who are clumsily trying to convict him of wanton cruelty, unnatural vice and conduct unbecoming to an officer of the Merchant Navy. His natural habit of command asserts itself, to say nothing of an instructed sense of evidence. Bellow at him and manhandle him as they will, the men begin to feel that the scolding may have been an accident, the suspicion of homosexuality groundless and the slave-driving perhaps no more than the mistaken efforts of a self-made seaman to seize his great chance and make good his ambition to become a master mariner. They are more than half convinced of his innocence when he proposes that he should overlook the mutiny and make it worth their while financially to forget the whole thing.

But the blinded boy dies and the crew's righteous indignation is resparked. The prisoner finds himself helpless to escape a punishment he knows he has not deserved. The crew would hang him outright, but the bosun, a stickler for the law of the sea as he understands it, orders him to be cut down. Half-dead already, he is left to die. With his rough death the bosun is left face to face with his own limitations. Proof positive that the dead man's story was true brings it home to him that he has bungled the trial over which he was so rash as to preside; and his utter inability to take the ship up the winding and dangerous river without a pilot brings it home to the crew that they are without a leader.

The play would be stronger, I feel, if Mr. Cross had left it at that, but he decides understandably enough that the old man's mortification would not be complete unless the despised apprentice takes over the job he dare not undertake.

Mr. Paul Rogers gives a truthful and moving account of the well-meaning but insufficient man, and Mr. Robert Shaw plays the victim of circumstantial evidence forcefully and imaginatively. The rest of the playing is consistently effective, with Mr. Percy Herbert, Mr. Dudley Foster and Mr. David Andrews doing particularly well.



CREW-CUT 1: The bosun Paul Rogers (left) who conceals weakness of character with an air of superior experience. Behind: Dudley Foster, Patrick Connor. CREW-CUT 2: The mate Robert Shaw (right) put on his mettle when the bosun and ship's company intrigue against him. Behind: Byron Pringle and Percy Herbert



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Raj gets under steam—superbly

THE MOUNTED MOSLEM TRIBESMEN come sweeping over the hill to sack and burn the palace of a Hindu Maharajah who, while stoically facing his own doom, depends upon a British army captain and an American governess to take his five-year-old son and heir to safety. The cool, intrepid pair, accompanied by a handful of attendants, ride off with the boy—arriving at Haserabad just as the last train, packed to suffocation and with frantic fugitives clinging to it like flies, pulls out of that high-walled town. The gates are slammed-to behind them, the infuriated, pursuing Moslems swarm across the landscape to besiege the place—and your critic settles back happily in her seat. From the word go, *North West Frontier* is a splendidly exciting film.

It would, one feels, have been fatally easy to make an irritating pompous picture about India as it was in 1905—with emphasis on the benevolence of the British Raj and “lo, the poor Indian” undertones. Thanks to the wit and intelligence of the producer, Mr. Marcel Hellman, and Mr. J. Lee Thompson, who has directed brilliantly, there

is nothing of that kind here. The Indians are in no way patronized, the British are represented simply as doing a hard job honestly—and it is even suggested that the time would come when we would withdraw from India, leaving the Moslems and the Hindus to settle (or not) their age-long differences as they pleased.

From besieged Haserabad it is imperative that the boy prince be smuggled away to as yet unaffected Kalapur—300 miles off, across rebel-infested territory. The only available transport is one elderly railway carriage, hitched to an ancient, decrepit and temperamental shunting engine which bears the proud name “Empress of India” but is more intimately referred to as “Victoria” by her devoted driver—that delightful Indian actor Mr. I. S. Johar, whom you may have seen and enjoyed in *Harry Black*.

Our own Mr. Kenneth More, as the British captain, a man of infinite good humour, resource and courage, and Hollywood’s Miss Lauren Bacall, as the American governess, a woman of inflexible determination, are the boy’s escort—with a couple of armed Indian guards in

attendance—and there are four other passengers aboard the train: the Governor’s elegant wife (Miss Ursula Jeans), a sympathetic British civil servant (Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White—most touching), a cynical and somewhat despised armaments salesman (M. Eugene Deckers) and a rather sinister and sullen journalist (Mr. Herbert Lom).

With an improvised battering ram strapped to her front, “Victoria” gate-crashes her way out of the beleaguered town and hares away triumphantly on the first stretch of her perilous journey. A grim reminder of just how perilous it is comes when the refugee train we saw leaving Haserabad is discovered in a siding: everybody aboard has been slaughtered—or so it seems until Miss Bacall, visibly steeling herself to a hideous task, picks her way methodically among the pathetic corpses and finds one small Indian baby left alive.

From the hills above the railway line signals flash—an ambush is being prepared. Suddenly rebel troops descend like furies on “Victoria” but the attack is repulsed and she rumbles wheezily on. Next hazard—a stretch of line has been wrecked and has to be repaired under fire. This duly done, the travellers are confronted with a partially blown up bridge: in a scene that turned my knees to water just to watch, Mr. More (who, incidentally, shares my horror of heights) urges and conducts them on a tight-rope walk along a single rail across a seemingly bottomless chasm—and returns to drive “Vic-

toria” over the damaged track, which creaks and bends and sways under her weight but mercifully holds.

Mr. Lee Thompson, a past-master in the art of creating tension, does not miss a trick—not even that old, well-tried “Western” one of a fight between two men staged on the roof of the swaying train. The love interest has been rightly reduced to a minimum, the ending is shrewdly tinged with irony—and, one way and another, I do not think you will find a more enjoyable and satisfying film anywhere.

Mr. Jiri Trnka’s cartoon version of Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* is visually enchanting and every one of his remarkable puppets has a personality of its own. Of the “hempen homespun” bumbling through the rehearsals and performance of “Pyramus and Thisbe,” the alternately beaming and bemused Bottom is perhaps the most endearing. The forest in which Hermia, Helena, Lysander and Demetrius, lose themselves, is hung about with magic—and the exquisite Titania, the brooding Oberon, and the teasing, nimble Puck are surely the essence of faery.

In lamentable contrast to the sophistication and elegance of this beautifully decorated production is the naive, maladroit commentary which recounts the familiar story—quite unnecessarily. It has the ring of something written by a cleverish young person in the Upper Fourth to impress, at end of term, the Lower Third.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Hollywood woos the Duke

HOLLYWOOD’S PRODUCERS HAVE never taken a kind attitude towards jazz. I was therefore surprised when Duke Ellington told me with some excitement that he had been called in to write the background music for *Anatomy Of A Murder*. My first thought was of horror that Duke’s score might be interpreted by a run-of-the-mill studio band; but quickly he reassured me that his own band was to play what he wrote. They did—with results which you can now hear in extended form on a soundtrack excerpt of this outstanding Columbia film (BBL7338).

I spent a long time discussing this work with the composer. He seemed happy with the results, and

was not unduly discomforted by the necessary restriction of having to fit the music to the timing of the film. Ellington is so prolific and so accomplished in the field of composition that he has filled the score with simple but fascinating pieces, mostly very short; they reflect the moods of the story—sometimes rich and eloquent; at other times mean tight-knotted sounds; at least you can be assured of one thing, that this will probably be your only chance to see and hear a nucleus of Duke’s men playing Dixieland music in a night club!

Because Ellington’s band is today recognized as the top of its class—in fact, of all jazz groups—one should not ignore its past. RCA

have wisely issued some of his best works from two earlier periods (RD27133). The most important are of the 1940-44 period, when such masterpieces as “Ko-Ko” and “Concerto for Cootie” were the hallmark of this brilliant group. An air of pretentiousness appears in the later (1946) works, when Duke was experimenting with some new sounds, including the use of the voice in a completely instrumental rôle, a logical continuation of his thought in “Creole Love Call” 20 years earlier. This is without doubt a vital period in the advancement of Ellington’s music, to its present peak.

Not content with the more serious side of his writing down the ages, Ellington has made a witty album from the excerpts of his specially written “book” for a night club appearance in one of Miami’s plushier night-spots, *Bal Masque* (BBL7315). Here he takes apart “The Big Bad Wolf,” “Indian Love Call,” and other improbable material which he worked up specifically for the dancing public. Why shouldn’t he, when he was billed as “Duke

Ellington, his piano, and his orchestra!”

In any band constructed round a nucleus of vital soloists it is a foregone conclusion that certain pieces will become showcases for the individual. Philips’s stereophonic release of Ellington’s contribution to the 1958 Newport Festival (SBBL526) offers a good cross-section of these, notably featuring Duke’s high-flying trumpeter, Cat Anderson, in “El Gato” and an immaculate flugelhorn solo by Clark Terry, bearing the curious title of “Juniflip.” The same company was responsible for Duke’s *Space-men*, a pint-sized edition of the big band (BBE12269). They must have baffled the Soviet space scientists, even if they were not quite on target for a lunar bulls-eye.

No one can ignore the tremendous impact of Duke Ellington’s writing over the past 30 years. The fact that he has succeeded in preserving a band of unprecedented quality over the same period reflects not only the patience of Job but also the touch of a genius, which he undoubtedly is.

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BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Fiction, indeed—these are Baedekers

WHAT I SPECIALLY LIKE ABOUT THAT category of books uneasily known as non-fiction is that as often as not you can pick up some information about subjects hitherto dark and mysterious. This week I have two novels which are positively non-fiction in their sheer information value—at least to old fossils like myself lingering on around the mid-30s age-group. Both are full of blue jeans and jazz and new weirdly Anglo-American speech and Nescafé (or, in the novel with the posher setting, Nescaff). Both are brash, bright, vivid first-person narratives, tragi-comic, full of hitherto unprintable words and illumined by a tough moral purpose. Now that we are approaching the 60s, Salinger has become a classic source-book, Amis, the Beats, and all the Angries are old hat, bless them, and as for the venerable rebel writers of the thirties, no one gives them so much as a passing glance.

Andrew Sinclair, who makes, I think, a genuinely new sound, is that very new—or very old—thing, a novelist, and a writer who does nothing by accident. Behind his new novel, *My Friend Judas*, you can hear a mind ticking away in a manner likely to frighten a woolly old arts-graduate reviewer into using the terrifying word "science". It is about the defeats suffered by Ben Birt, a grammar-school scholarship boy up at Cambridge, about the way he thinks

and behaves (you can't lumber Mr. Birt with a phrase like "attitude to life"), his surface toughness and his romantic heart, and about how he finally makes sense out of his circumstances and his environment.

Ben paints for the Footlights, writes dangerous poems, goes to parties, falls in love with a light girl called Judy who lives gaily and disastrously in the present, and in between times reads History—or rather "takes a tilt at picking up a year's History in a week." ("That Cellini boy was the best P.R.O. there's ever been to the best man he ever knew, himself. Those Italian pills were all lights and no bushels, I'm telling you. Except Mack Angelo, who scared the guts out of sticks, stones, popes and his own ego.")

Ben is a complex character, who writes in a heightened, amazing vernacular. Heaven knows whether or not he is a prototype. He is gentle-hearted in spite of the enormous violent noise he makes, vulnerable, and joyously clever (hurrah, it honestly looks as though cleverness in fiction has stopped being a thoroughly villainous and despicable thing). The enemy says about him "... you *are* the new. You are tough, slushy, forthright, vulgar and boring. Your god is action, your method proletarian. Your language is that of a bargee trying to speak like a bishop." I find it impossible not to be on his side, and I find his story touching,

spirited, funny, sad, and extremely serious in intent.

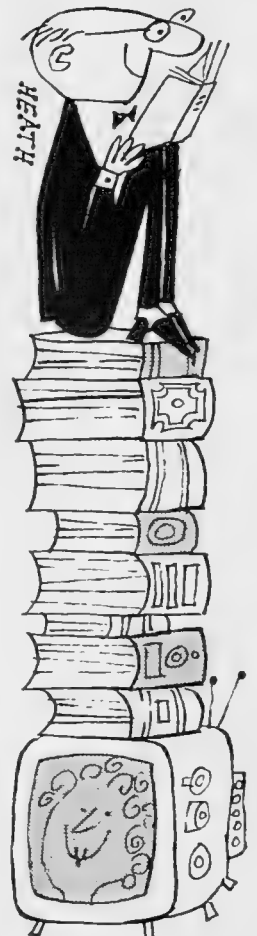
Colin MacInnes's new novel, *Absolute Beginners*, is about an even more remote and uncharted, though more popular phenomenon, The Teenage Thing. His teenagers are working-class (though class is a thing they care nothing at all about) and the book is a marvellous guide to what they wear, how they talk, the jazz-clubs they go to and the places they live in. I have no possible way of knowing whether Mr. MacInnes's truly astonishing information is accurate, but I see no reason to doubt it. The Spades are an important part of *Absolute Beginners*, and the last part of the book is largely concerned with what in Notting Hill Gate has come to be known, mistily, as "incidents"—though there is no mist whatsoever about them in the book.

The remarkable thing is that although the narrator, aged 18 and therefore already getting on, takes pornographic pictures as a sideline and many of the characters, though sympathetic, are up to no sort of good, the climate is one of positive, ebullient confidence, happiness, vigour, kindness, everything that is not grubby, mean, vindictive and defeated. It sprawls a bit, but I didn't mind. It is also funny, and fresh as paint.

And *The Bridge Is Love* is an astonishing autobiography by a remarkable and not unimpeachable woman, Alma Mahler Werfel, who is now 80 years old and lives in New York and here writes with total lack of inhibition and in a rather rum style about her marriages to Mahler, Gropius and Franz Werfel, and the mad passionate love she shared with Oskar Kokoschka. Powerful ladies who were born to inspire men of genius and let absolutely nothing stand in their way are never less than good fun to read even if the turbulence, the excessive sensibility, the colossal intensity and introspection leave one slightly gasping towards the end. Frau Werfel is a

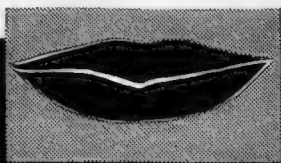
caution, thinks nothing of writing about Lady Music, and quotes letters in which Kokoschka writes "I must have you for my wife soon, or else my great talent will perish miserably. You must revive me at night, like a magic potion. I know it is so..." Golly!

And I recommend *My Russian Journey* by Santha Rama Rau, the Indian writer, an entertaining, gossipy account of a recent visit that took in Uzbekistan, to say nothing of a fashion show in Moscow where the commentator remarked, with sternly un-Western accuracy and truth, "This model is not recommended for fat women."



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It seems like only yesterday
I’d sit and knit and watch you play
At lions and tigers on the floor,
And tell you fairy tales galore—
And now you’ve babies of your own!*

*“My, how you loved those fairy tales—
Ooh, look at this (I had to laugh)!
I found a funny photograph—
You in your birthday-suit at Slough!
. . . Why, Henry dear, you’re grown up now,
You really shouldn’t bite your nails!*

*“I’ve made a carraway-seed cake
(It used to be your favourite sort),
There’s jelly, pink ice-cream I bought—
I’m sure you’re hungry. What, you aren’t?
Henry, there’s no such word as can’t,
Gobble it up, for goodness’ sake!*

*“Well, gracious me, how time does fly,
These visits always seem so short!
Don’t stay because you think you ought;
You must have lots of things to do.
Brings it all back so, seeing you . . .
No, no, just something in my eye—
Goodbye, my darling boy!
Goodbye. . . .”*

Francis Kinsman

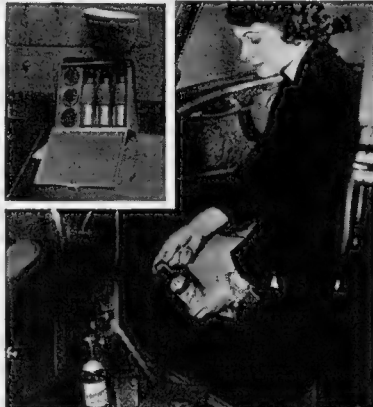
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Cooking in a car

by HELEN BURKE

THE MOTORING ISSUE OF THE Tatler gives me an opportunity, even if it seems a little unseasonable, to refer to one of my pet open-air meals. It can be eaten at any time when the weather permits, and seems to me to be much better than the usual picnic foods carried by motorists—and it is safe as well.

It is simply a modern, much more efficient form of hay-box cooking, using a vacuum jar. It is equally useful at home to supplement top-stove and oven cooking when there are more dishes to be prepared than they will accommodate. Where there is not an automatically-controlled oven, and one has to leave foods gently cooking for an hour or two, there is no fear of them "cooking dry" in the interval.

I have long used a vacuum jar for cooking such foods as creamy rice. The hot mixture is placed into the heated jar. It will take between 3 and 3½ hours to cook, without any attention whatever. All that one needs do is to get it into the jar early enough so that it will be ready when required. Even if it has to wait over the time allowed, it will remain perfect.

My large vacuum jar with three aluminium food containers is a boon for car trips. In it, I can have a 3-course hot meal or, equally well, a very cold one—and in hot weather cold food is unbeatable for an alfresco meal. The important thing to remember is that cold food must go into a cold jar and hot things into a heated one. The cooking of the latter is completed en route.

Here is a pleasant way of preparing *Poulet en Cocotte*, using a 3-lb. chicken for 4 servings. The dish can be served at table or taken out in the car.

Disjoint the chicken. After removing the breast and legs (not forgetting the fillets in the back), put the carcase and the giblets in a stewpot with a bouquet garni, a clove, a strip of lemon peel, pepper and salt to taste and water to cover. Simmer them, covered, for 2 hours.

Melt together in a strong pan 2 oz. butter and 1 tablespoon olive oil. Add the washed and dried chicken pieces and fry them all over to a warm gold. At the same time fry

also a finely chopped onion and ½ teaspoon sugar on a cleared spot in the pan. When it has deeply browned, work in 1 oz. flour and a dessertspoon of tomato purée. Add a claret glass of dry white wine, 3 oz. small whole mushrooms and enough of the strained stock for the whole to fit the capacity of a 2-pint jar.

Have the vacuum jar filled with almost boiling water. Drain it, place the chicken pieces and their sauce in it, at once insert the cork and leave the dish to cook itself for 3½ to 4 hours or more. It will be piping hot when served, either at home or on the road.

Any of one's favourite casserole dishes can be prepared and left to finish cooking in the same way.

Rice goes very well with chicken and is a much better vacuum-jar material than potatoes, which never wait well. The following method for completing the cooking of savoury rice in a vacuum jar was given to me, years ago, by a specialist in this modern "hay-box" cookery:

Bring to the boil 1½ pints of water, salted to taste. Throw into it a cup of washed Patna rice and boil it for 10 minutes. Having heated the jar as above, turn the drained rice into it, cork it at once and leave it for about 3 hours.

Chilled soups are a "natural" for a vacuum jar. Take them very well chilled from the refrigerator and transfer them to the chilled jar, which has been filled with cold water and ice cubes. Add the ice cubes after the water. Do not turn them into an empty jar for fear of breaking the inside container.

While I have had carried meals for motorists primarily in mind, this finishing of long-cooking dishes can just as well take place at home, at the saving of much fuel.

By now I imagine that everyone who likes ice-cream knows that a vacuum jar is by far the best way to carry it home, provided that the jar itself is cold and the brick of ice cream is of a shape which will go easily into it. A friend whose children love ice-cream always takes her jar along with her in her shopping basket, and on reaching home immediately places the ice-cream in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

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The bay of Ramla on Gozo, near Calypso's Cover



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One for the island fanciers

THE SKY WAS BRONZE-BLUE, THE SEA COBALT the afternoon I set off from Malta's Paradise Bay for the neighbouring island of Gozo. We sailed in a magnificently drunken old craft named the *Imperial Eagle* which, in palmier days, had plied between Tower Bridge and Southend as the pleasure cruiser *Golden Eagle*. As we rolled and lurched our way north-west under the lee of tiny Camino island, with our cargo of doe-eyed calves and a clutter of shawl-draped, basket-slung Gozeans, I thought how I'd hate to see her replaced by any more streamlined transport. There are altogether too few *Imperial Eagles* left in the world.

Twenty minutes later, we put into Imgaar Harbour. A lorry labelled *The Sacred Heart* waited on the quayside, outside a fisherman's café called the *Park Lane*. A straggle of houses stepped down to the sea—dominated by a church—one of the 74 on this island of only 26 square miles. In Gozo, as in Malta itself, it is the churches whose immensity of proportion and richness of interior belie an otherwise totally primitive impression. They are the community centre, the town hall and the meeting place of every smallest hamlet, church *festas* are the only celebration or holiday enjoyed by the islanders. Church domes punctuate the

otherwise flat roofs of the villages, and the devil is still further kept at bay by the traditional pair of horns attached to the roof corners.

Playing a concerto on the motor horn, we climbed and wound and bumped our way past the donkey carts (*Gozo's* natural pace) to Ramla Bay on the north-east coast. Here, standing over *Calypso's Cover* (where the goddess is alleged to have lived with *Ulysses*), one looked across a half-mile stretch of sand, locked between the arms of high, thyme-topped cliffs: a real-estate agent's dream of heaven, if ever I saw one.

A mere 15 minutes away by car, at the other end of the island, is the spade-shaped fishing harbour of *Xlendi*, fringed by feathery *casuarina* trees and backed by a creek of long-plumed rushes which the islanders dry off and use for fishing rods. *Xlendi* has one tiny hotel, the *St. Patrick*, which, I am told, boasts one magnificent front bedroom complete with tub and lavatory, and a notice on the beach warning against indecent (two-piece) exposure. But don't be put off: around the cliffside path are a series of rocky coves where you may dress, or undress, as you please.

In the villages, women sit shrouded in a semi-circle around their open doors, making lace. In the capital of *Victoria*, yellow-eyed goats teeter high-hoofed up the cathedral steps. Nearby, from the ramparts, is an all-but-circular sweep of the entire island with flashes of other tantalizing bays, inlets and coves. The only sound is that of bells—church bells, cow bells, goat bells. And cocks crowing (this they seem, remarkably, to do at all hours of the day and the night).

The town of *Victoria* also supports the island's only hotel with any pretension to the name: the *Duke of Edinburgh*. Clean-scrubbed and echoing, it has 24 simple rooms with well-sprung mattresses, and the rates are just £1 a day with full board, including some interesting local food.

From all of which you will gather that *Gozo* is, as yet, undiscovered territory, precious to a handful of knowing devotees. Fishermen mend their nets in every tiny quayside, but not yet to furnish the décor of the cafés. It has not reached the stage of the simplest kind of *chi-chi*, let alone that of tourist hotels. Already an island-fancier, I found it one of the slowest, most delightful and most genuinely peaceful places I have ever seen. Not that amenities are entirely lacking—one can hire a self-drive car for £1 10s. a day (a taxi for about £3). Or take out a fishing boat complete with skipper and tackle for about £6 a day.

Based on Malta, *Gozo* is just six hours by air from London (B.E.A., night flight, tourist £42; yearly day return, £52 12s.). Owing to the generous hotel development offers being made by the government, of which I shall write more next week, the island is likely soon to become more comfortable for more people. But connoisseurs of virgin territory should not ignore its immediate, away-from-it-all potential.

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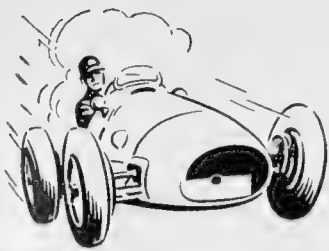
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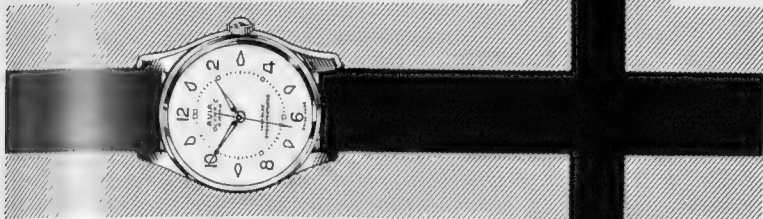
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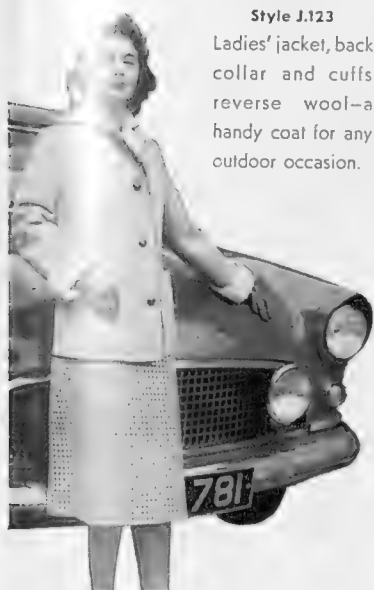
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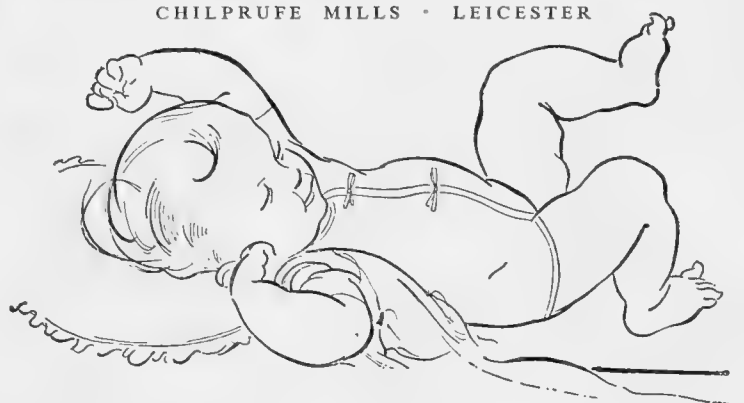
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Every Braemar is a craftsman's labour of love. These two are beautifully detailed, beautifully made—yet the Braemar Silk-Line (above) costs only £3.10.0 and the Twin-Point (right) £3.19.6. See them at your favourite store, right away!

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**Collectors' guide
to 'Choicest' tea-ware**

This famous teapot and stand, with white oval reserves on apple green and gold oeil-de-perdrix ground, is from a service presented to H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, First Duke of Cambridge on the occasion of his marriage in 1818 to the Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel. It is now in a private collection not far from where it was made by the master potter William Billingsley 140 years ago.



NANTGARW

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

WILLIAM BILLINGSLEY, a china painter of genius, worked at Derby and Worcester before starting his factory at Nantgarw (pronounced NANT-GAROO) in 1813. Assisted by Samuel Walker, son-in-law, he produced tea-ware in a white and exceedingly brilliant porcelain paste, the manufacture of which involved large sums. The factory's production was concentrated into two years, from 1813 to 1814 and again from 1817 to 1820. Consequently the products are among the rarest English porcelain and their value to collectors correspondingly high. As a painter Billingsley was influenced by Boreman, and became celebrated for flowers which he painted in a new naturalistic style inspired by the illusion of depth. At Nantgarw he decorated some pieces himself, but most Nantgarw porcelain was sent undecorated to London where various enamellers painted it, usually more lavishly than Billingsley would have done. William Billingsley liked to compare his porcelain to the best products of Sèvres, and was justified in so doing, except in his methods, involving the kiln losses they did, could

NANT-GARW
C.W.

never have equalled the continental factory for commerciability.

Several injections of new capital failed to save Nantgarw and early in 1820 Billingsley and Walker left to join Rose of Coalport. In November 1820, after an auction sale on the premises, William Weston Young took over and Thomas Pardoe of Swansea assisted him in the decoration and disposal of the remaining stock. After further auction sales, Billingsley's luckless enterprise came to an end in 1822.

Billingsley died in poor circumstances in 1828. He would have died comparatively rich had he been content to remain a floral painter, but the porcelain secret which ruined him was fated to enable fortunate collectors of his ware to die rich instead.

NOTE TO COLLECTORS Difficult though the best of Billingsley's pieces may be to find, it is a relief to note that it is not arduous to discover a very fine tea to complement his beautiful teaware. We mean, of course, Brooke Bond 'Choicest'—that fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas which is both easily available—and at 2/- a quarter, undoubtedly the best value in tea today.

Tea-cup and saucer with typical up-turned 'heart' shaped handle probably painted in London by James Turner c. 1818-1820.



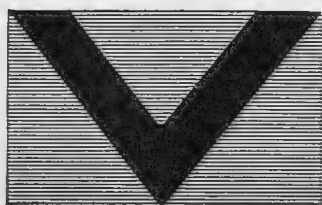
Small specimen cup and saucer with griffin handle painted by William Billingsley c. 1818.



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THE 3 LITRE

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THE 3 LITRE

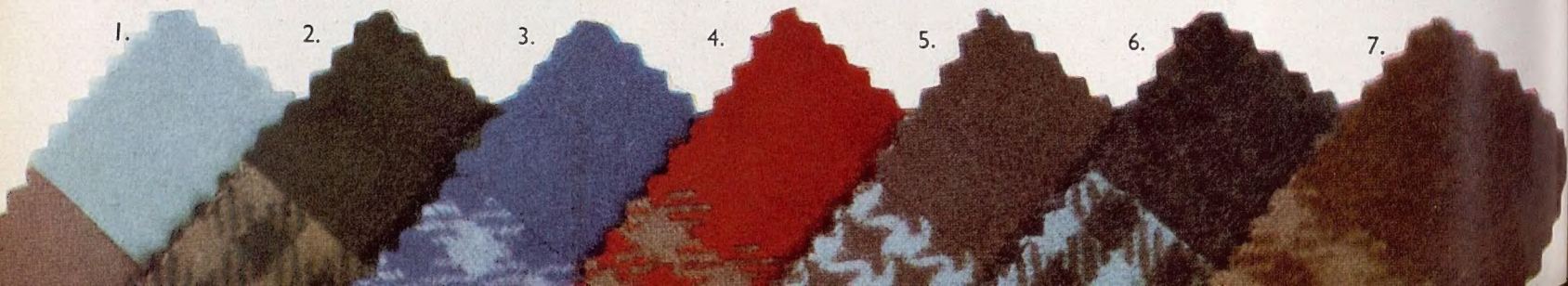
The Rover 3-Litre—announced a year ago—won immediate acceptance. No one feature dominates your impression of this outstanding car. Rather do you remember a particularly satisfying sense of balance between its many fine qualities. The 3-Litre continues virtually unchanged. Front wheel disc brakes are now standard. With conventional gear box
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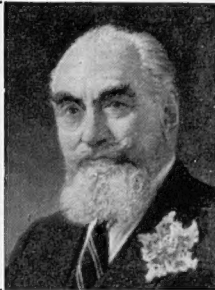
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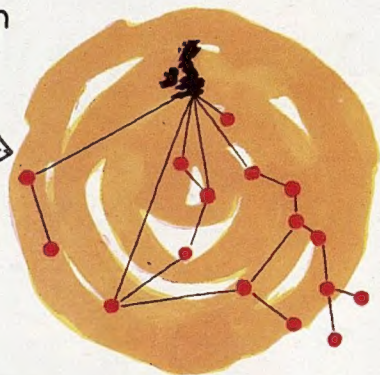
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